

Disclaimer: The Hills are alive, and they're eating people . . . so it is advised that you avoid hills. If you insist on going near hills, it is recommended that you go armed and be prepared to fight hill monsters . . . that is all.

In The Beginning

The Professor and Henggirl shared a nervous glance as the prepared to knock on their friend's door. Harry had seemed . . . different since the death of England's Dark Lord only a short time before.

Taking one last deep breath, Henggirl raised her hand and knocked on the door.

"Come in," Harry called through the door.

"Hello Harry," Henggirl said with a smile. "How are you?"

"Doing alright," said Harry.

"So what are your plans now?" The Professor asked slowly.

"Harry Potter is dead," Harry replied. "I'm Mr. Black now, the world needs Mr. Black and I don't think I could stop."

"Are you sure," Henggirl asked with a frown. "It might be best to be Harry Potter too."

"It would if Harry Potter wasn't so bloody famous," Harry remarked with a laugh. "Harry Potter is too visible to keep as an identity."

"Still," the Professor began. "It might be useful to maintain it, doesn't take all that much work."

"Yeah," Henggirl agreed. "What he said."

"Fine," Harry said flatly. "But to get back to the subject, the world needs Mr. Black. I'm going to become Mr. Black."

"And how are you planning to do that?" The Professor asked oddly.

"I'm going to drift around and see what comes up," Harry said with a shrug. "Take a few classes here, accidentally kill a group of dark mages there, you know how it is."

"Yes . . . well . . ." The Professor shared a worried look with Henghgirl.

"Well why don't we tell you why you think you should stay Harry Potter," Henghgirl finished.

"Please," Harry agreed.

"I know you don't like the fact that you're famous for something you don't remember as Harry Potter," Henghgirl said.

"Oh?" Harry asked, "and how do you know that?"

"Germany again," the Professor explained. "As I said before, you got quite chatty."

"Ok," Harry said.

"Why don't you make the Potter name famous for something you did do?" Henghgirl suggested, "it'd be good to have the Potter name remembered for something that didn't involve dark lords."

"And how do you suggest I do this without being mobbed by the press and fans?" Harry gave in.

"Because they won't know it's the same Harry Potter until after you've done it," Henghgirl continued. "I . . . we were thinking that Harry Potter could be one of the Archaeologists to survey Atlantis. You mentioned that you might like to become the first magical archaeologist."

"I suppose that could be interesting," Harry agreed.

"There are magical distance learning schools in Australia and Canada," the Professor explained. "We were thinking that Harry

Potter could get his papers from one of those and then take university classes to become an archaeologist."

"Why not just go straight to the university?" Harry asked.

"We could easily forge any necessary documents," Henggirl agreed. "But why bother if we can get genuine documents without much trouble."

"I'll buy that," Harry spoke slowly. "And I did like Australia, on the other hand I never got a chance to go to Canada."

"We found a degree program in underwater archeology in an American University," the Professor said quickly. "At Texas A&M, it is supposed to be one of the best in the world."

"If you were to study hard and test out of some of the classes you could get a degree in just a couple of years," Henggirl added. "You could be Mr. Black by day and the Archaeologist by night. Harry Potter could be remembered for the important discoveries made in Atlantis and for being the first Wizard Archaeologist."

"Sounds like a plan," Harry said with a grin. "How long have you two been planing this?"

"Since we realised that you didn't plan to go back to Hogwarts," Henggirl replied.

"I thought you didn't want me going back to Hogwarts?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I didn't," Henggirl agreed. "I still think you would have been better off staying with us."

"So what's the problem?"

"You're trying to burn bridges," Henggirl explained. "You think that because you're Mr. Black then you can't be Harry Potter and I think that's a mistake."

"So you're doing this for my own good?" Harry asked with a grin, "I get a lot of that."

"I just want you to be happy," Henchgirl said sadly. "You haven't come out of your cabin very much since you got here and I want my friend back."

"Oh . . . is that what this is about?" Harry asked with a grin, "that I haven't been coming out of my cabin?"

"Yes," Henchgirl replied.

"Sorry about that," Harry said sheepishly. "I've been working on something, didn't mean to be so antisocial."

"What have you been working on?" Henchgirl demanded.

"Why don't I just step out then," the Professor suggested. "Since there's no more problem that means I can get back to my experiments right?"

"Yes yes good good," said Henchgirl absently.

"Cooking classes," Harry replied to Henchgirl's question. "I'm getting ready to teach a couple cooking classes on the island."

"So you've been studying recipes to prepare yourself?" Henchgirl said in sudden realisation, "can I help?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. "I was thinking of starting off simple . . . maybe something from that book we picked up in Atlantis."

"Sounds good," Henchgirl agreed.

IIIIIIIIII

Harry Potter the Boy-Who-Never-Was

By Luna Lovegood

As you are no doubt aware, Harry Potter has disappeared . . . or has he? What follows is a hypothesis, an idea that fits most of the facts available to the Quibbler. What it is not is the truth, we may never know what happened and forever be condemned to guesses and pet theories. It is our belief that Harry Potter either died with his parents or was rescued by Mr. Black. We suspect that Mr. Black either took the boy's place or assigned one of his agents to take the boy's place. How else would you explain the fact that as a schoolboy, Harry Potter defeated Voldemort and his death eaters in several duels? How else would you explain how a second year managed to defeat the king of all serpents? It boggles the mind that a young boy could not only survive but triumph. Available evidence suggests that Mr. Black assigned one of his agents to assume the role of Harry Potter and we believe that Mr. Black was only present at the fight for the Philosopher's stone and at the death of the Basilisk . . .

The reasons for Mr. Black's reappearance are unclear, it is our belief that something happened to anger Mr. Black and cause him to take a personal interest in the wizarding world and unfortunately we have no idea what could have triggered Mr. Black's rage. On the other hand it is also possible that Mr. Black really is just a guy on vacation, death taking a holiday so to speak . . .

And so he came to Hogwarts and . . .

. . . and so we bid farewell to young Harry Potter may he find what he's been looking for.

"How could you have written something like that Luna?" Hermione threw the paper at the smaller girl. "Saying that Harry never existed."

"It's what he would have wanted," Luna gave a dazed blink. "He never wanted fame . . . I tried to distract the public away from him so that he can have a bit of peace . . . maybe now that things are quiet he'll come back to us."

"Oh Luna," tears began to flow down Hermione's cheeks.

"Harry is my friend," Luna said sadly. "He was nice to me . . . I miss him."

"We all miss him Luna," Hermione assured the younger girl.

"What are we gonna do Hermione?" Luna asked with unusual focus.

"We're going to find Harry and bring him back," Hermione replied. "He's just being stupid right now, Harry does that sometimes. When we find him, the Git'll probably say that he left to protect us or some other nonsense like that. You have to remember that for all his virtues, Harry is still a boy and he sometimes let's that get in the way of his good sense."

"Ok," Luna agreed. "We shall find Harry and we shall drag him back to Hogwarts."

"That's the spirit," Hermione agreed. "I'm going to go talk to a few people to get some clues."

"That sounds like a wonderful course of action," Luna said with a glazed look. "I think I shall do something similar."

"We'll meet in the library in an hour," Hermione said. "To share our information and to plan our next move."

"Till then," said Luna as she skipped off.

For a brief moment, Hermione almost regretted agreeing to allow Luna to accompany her on her journey. Then logic crushed her one protest, evidence suggested that Harry Potter was with Mr. Black. The Quibbler had broken most of the stories about Mr. Black and still seemed to have most of the information concerning Mr. Black. Therefore, Luna's presence could prove essential to the success of the mission.

Hermione immediately walked towards the nearest connected fireplace after the meeting. Taking a handful of floo powder, she tossed it into the fireplace and called out her destination. "The Department of Magical Law Enforcement."

"Yes?" A head appeared in the fireplace, "how may I help you?"

"I need to speak to Auror Tonks," Hermione replied firmly.

"One moment please." The head disappeared and was replaced a few minutes later by everyone's favorite Auror.

"Hey Hermione," Tonks replied with a grin. "How's tricks?"

"Not good," Hermione replied. "I need all the information you can get on Mr. Black."

"Why do you need that?" Tonks asked wearily, "doing a report for Defence?"

"I'm gonna go find Harry," Hermione replied. "And I think he's with Mr. Black."

"Good thought," Tonks agreed. "It's a starting point anyway."

"So will you help me?" Hermione asked.

"I'll see what I can dig up," Tonks allowed. "And with the death of Voldemort, I've got a lot of vacation time coming . . . need someone to come along?"

"Would you?" Hermione asked quickly.

"I would, " Tonks agreed with a smile. "Remus would never forgive me if I didn't. I'm sure that if we work together, the two of us'll find Harry in no time."

"Three," Hermione corrected. "I think Luna's going to come too."

"Good choice," Tonks agreed. "Her family has a lot of information on Mr. Black and a lot of contacts that could be useful. And do you mind making it an even four?"

"Four?" Hermione asked.

"Remus," Tonks said with a worried look. "Is planning to search for Harry himself, he'll kill himself doing it if I'm not there to remind him to eat and sleep."

"Of course Remus can come," Hermione agreed quickly.

"Thank you Hermione," Tonks said with a relieved smile.

"Tank you Tonks," Hermione blurted out. "For everything."

"Happy to help," Tonks replied with a grin. "I'm gonna go see what I can dig up, I'll see you later."

"Bye," Hermione said as the floo faded. Raisin from the fireplace, Hermione turned and walked to her next destination.

Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves, Hermione raised her hand and knocked on McGonagall's office door.

"Yes?" The old woman answered the door, "what can I do for you Hermione?"

"I want to take my exams early," Hermione said in a rush.

"To go off looking for Mr. Potter no doubt," McGonagall replied. "I shall make the necessary arrangements. And I shall also talk to my contacts in the teaching community. I believe that we will have a good chance of locating him if Mr. Potter choses to continue his education."

"Thank you Professor," Hermione said quickly.

"I is the least I could do," McGonagall replied. "And Hermione . . ."

"Yes Professor?" Hermione asked.

"Bring him home," McGonagall finished, her voice filled with emotion.

"I will Professor," the girl promised.

"Then be about your business Ms. Granger," the old Professor commanded. "The sooner you begin, the sooner you bring him home."

"Yes Professor," Hermione agreed quickly. Hermione left the Professor's office and went off in search of her other best friend. She found him sitting in the Gryffindor stands, staring at the pitch.

"Hey Ron," Hermione took a seat beside her friend.

"Hey H'mione," Ron replied absently. "Remember when Harry caught the snitch with his mouth? Harry always won, if there was any chance for victory then Harry found it and he always won."

"Yes he did Ron," Hermione agreed. Ignoring the few times that Harry hadn't managed to catch the snitch.

"I'm thinking of being an Auror," Ron announced without warning. "The Department of Magical Law Enforcement has openings for all of us that were in the DA . . . they said that anyone who received instruction from Mister Black has a place."

"And it'll help you look for Harry," Hermione added sadly.

"And it'll help me look for Harry," Ron slumped. "Where do you think he is?"

"I don't know," she shook her head. "But I'm gonna go look for him."

"What about school?" Ron gave a cheerless grin, "I wouldn't expect you of all people to drop out."

"Taking my exams early," Hermione replied. "My marks aren't as good as they would have been if I'd have had more time to study . . ."

"But I'm sure they're better than most," Ron sighed. "Do you want me to come with you?"

"No," Hermione wiped a tear off her cheek. "I don't know how long it will take and I'm sure a trained Auror would be a big help."

"Do you really think it'll take that long?" Ron was afraid to hear the answer, afraid to hear aloud what had been going through his mind in the deepest parts of the night.

"I don't know," Hermione blinked away a few more tears. "Tonks and Luna said that they would help me look."

"Do . . . " Ron hated himself for even suggesting it, "do you think he's still alive?"

"I know he is," Hermione nodded. "Mr. Black would have told us if he was dead. Harry's just being stupidly noble right now and he needs us to smack some sense into him."

"He doesn't know where Harry is, he said he didn't know where Harry is." Ron angrily wiped the tears off his own face. "How could he know if he were still alive?"

"Their letters arrived at the same time," Hermione replied. "So Mr. Black must have found him."

"That's right," Ron said with a grin. "Thanks Hermione."

"Be sure to study hard while I'm gone," said Hermione. "I won't be around to push you."

"I will," Ron agreed. "I need to anyway if I'm going to be an Auror. Mr. Black only got me a spot at the school, I have to earn my graduation."

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As she walked up Diagon Alley, Luna forced herself to concentrate on the task at hand. Throwing open the door to a familiar travel shop, she marched to the counter and glared at the shopkeeper.

"Where's Harry?" Luna demanded.

"What makes you think I'd know?" The shopkeeper asked with a grin.

"Your family wasn't the only one cursed by the gods," Luna growled. "I may not be able to see the future but I can see enough."

"Yes I'm well aware of that, the Lovegoods cursed to see the unseen and to drift in and out of other worlds . . . small wonder you take your names from the moon." The shopkeeper agreed, "and I'm also aware of young Mr. Potter's curse."

"What curse?" Luna asked in shock.

"Luck . . . from his mother's side I think." The shopkeeper said slowly, "neither good nor bad."

"Luck?" Luna repeated.

"Favored or perhaps a decedent of both the Goddess Tyche and her friend Nemisis," the Shopkeep answered. "The first sets up a situation to be resolved by the second. It's in the eyes, not many have that shade."

"You still haven't answered my question," Luna growled. "Where is Harry?"

"Lost and maybe gone forever," the shopkeeper replied sadly. "He has removed himself from my weave and I cannot say if he will return."

"Who can find him?" Luna whispered.

"Mr. Black is the only one I know that can find young Mr. Potter, not even I can say if he will succeed or even try." Said slowly.

"Where is Mr. Black?" Luna asked in frustration.

"Mr. Black is the fear that lurks within all evil doers and the hope in the hearts of the good and innocent, Mr. Black is everywhere and nowhere." The shopkeeper replied.

"Stop talking in riddles," Luna screamed. "Tell me where he is."

"Odd that a Lovegood would demand that someone stop talking in riddles," the shopkeeper said with a grin. "Especially in light of your family motto Si vos can't caecus lemma per scientia , baffle 'em per bovis excrement."

"Get to the point," Luna sighed.

"Why do you seek young Mr. Potter?" The shopkeeper asked with sudden seriousness.

"Because he's my friend, because he was nice to me." Luna replied.

"I see . . . Mr. Black is the only one I know that can find Mr. Potter and due to the fact that my pattern has been damaged, I have a hard time seeing the threads of possibility presented by Mr. Black. Mr. Potter has removed himself from the weave and has lost himself." The Shopkeeper paused to think. "Mr. Black can find Mr. Potter but it is not likely that he will look without being prompted. The Moon, Athena's favored, and the one without form may prompt him without fear."

"What does that last part mean?" Luna asked quickly, "and don't get cute or I'll start drawing comparisons to you and that fraud at my school."

"You are the moon, your friend Hermione is the favored of Athena, and the one without form is that Auror from the Black family." The shopkeeper explained, "I was just trying to inject a little drama."

"In the future, don't." Luna replied. "What did the rest of it mean."

"I can't tell you without betraying a confidence," the shopkeeper replied with a frown. "It would be best for all if you were to figure it out for yourself."

"Fine," Luna spat.

"Don't forget to come here to stock up on travel supplies before you start looking," the shopkeeper called out as Luna stormed out of his store. "I'll even give you and your friends a discount."

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Minerva was just getting back to her work when she was disturbed by another knock on the door. "Enter."

"It's just me Minerva," the Headmaster announced as he entered.

"What can I do for you Albus?" Minerva asked doing her best to hide her alarm. In all the years she'd taught at Hogwarts, Albus had only come to her office on two other occasions . . . neither of them good.

"I have been spending the past few days reexamining my actions towards young Mr. Potter," Albus began. "And I have come to some rather . . . disturbing conclusions. I would like to go searching for young Mr. Potter so that I may assure myself of his safety and offer him my apology."

"I see," Minerva replied slowly. "Would you like me to watch the school while you're gone?"

"If you would," Dumbledore agreed. "I would also like you to prepare to take my office should the search go longer than one year. It would not be fair to give you the responsibility without the position."

"I hope it doesn't come to that," Minerva said with a sad smile. "I had hoped to have a few years before I found myself in your office."

"As had I," Dumbledore replied.

"I would like you to keep in contact Albus," Minerva said sternly. "None of your usual habit of cutting yourself off and thinking that you must do it all alone."

"Of course," Dumbledore agreed.

"I am aware of a few other groups planning to search for young Mr. Potter," Minerva continued. "If you would like I would be happy to serve as the information coordinator. With so many people looking it only makes sense."

"Thank you Minerva," Albus said with a sad smile. "I really appreciate what you're doing."

"Just find him and make sure he's safe," Minerva replied. "And I shall consider us even."

"I'm sorry Minerva," Albus said as he rose from his seat. "But I must take my leave."

"Of course," Minerva replied. "I imagine that you have quite a bit of packing to complete before you leave."

"Thank you Minerva," Albus said with a hint of a twinkle. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

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Luna walked into the castle and immediately went off in search of her new compatriot.

"Hello Luna," Hermione's voice spoke up from behind and startled the blond girl.

"Hello Hermione," Luna replied with a dazed look. "Have you found any information on Harry?"

"No," Hermione replied with a frown. "I've been making arrangements so we could leave."

"That's ok," Luna replied with a grin. "I've found some information."

"What information?" Hermione demanded.

"Only Mr. Black can find Harry," Luna replied. "But Mr. Black won't look unless someone asks him. You me and Tonks can ask Mr. Black without annoying him and dieing before our time."

"O . . . k," Hermione replied uncertainly.

"And I also got us a discount at the travel store," Luna said happily. "Isn't that nice?"

"Uh, sure it is Luna." Hermione agreed.

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"My friend," the Professor called out to Harry. "We are ready to leave,"

"Alright," Harry replied. "I just need to go down to take care of a few small things at Gringotts first."

"We shall hold ourselves ready for your return." The Professor replied.

"I'll try not to take too long," Harry replied. "Port me down."

Harry arrived in front of the wizarding bank and walked through the double doors into the lobby. The bank was busier than Harry had ever seen it and there was a long line in front of the counters filled with people waiting to get their meeting with the goblins. Sighing, Harry walked to the back of the line and took his place.

"Ah Mr. Black," the man in front of Harry said without turning around. "Such a surprise to see you here."

"Yeah," Harry agreed dully. "Surprise . . . what're you doing out of your shop?"

"Just a simple trip to the bank," the shopkeeper said with a smile. "I had a feeling that it would be a good idea."

"Any other feelings?" Harry asked mildly.

"Well," the shopkeeper began. "I have a feeling that there's something in Amsterdam you'd like to see, and it may be a good idea to visit my cousin in Norway but other than that . . ."

"Thanks," Harry said reluctantly.

"It is a pleasure to be of service," the shopkeeper replied. "Now if you will excuse me, I believe I see free counter."

"So do I," Harry said. "Funny the way the bank seemed to empty when you said my name."

"A coincidence I'm sure," the shopkeeper called over his shoulder as he walked to the counter.

"I'll bet," Harry muttered as he walked to the counter.

"Mr. Black I presume?" The goblin asked with a toothy grin, "one of our senior managers has requested a meeting with you."

"That's fine," Harry agreed. "I suppose I have time for a meeting today."

"Excellent," the goblin said enthusiastically. "Please come with me."

Harry followed the goblin into a richly decorated waiting room. "Is this the place?"

"This is the waiting room," the goblin replied. "The director will be with you in a moment."

"Thank you," Harry said impassively.

"Mr. Black," an elderly goblin called out as he entered the room. "I apologize for making you wait so long."

"Think nothing of it," Harry replied. "I didn't even have time to sit down."

"Please come into my office," the old goblin said with a waive towards the open door. "And please make yourself at home."

"Thank you," Harry agreed. Wondering why the goblins were acting so strange, Harry walked into the office and took a seat.

"To start with," the elderly goblin said as he walked across the room to his desk. "I thought it best to tell you that we are aware of who you really are, we do have access to your banking records after all."

"I see," Harry said calmly.

"I would also like to assure you that Gringotts has a strict policy of confidentiality, no one will hear a word about what we have been able to deduce." The goblin finished. "Forgive me for my lapse, my name is Billhook and I am an advisor to the senior staff."

"Pleased to meet you," Harry replied with a nod. "Would it be rude to ask why you are all acting so . . ." Harry tried to find a word that wouldn't come off as an insult.

"Strange?" Billhook asked with a grin, "it is because you have what few humans have ever gained. Our respect, you did not inherit the bulk of your fortune, you earned it. You discovered hundreds of lost tombs filled with priceless artifacts and you are a co-founder of the most successful company in history. A business man's business man. We can not help but respect a man who has been able to make so much out of so little in such a short amount of time."

"Thank you," Harry whispered.

"I have been authorized to make you an offer on behalf of my superiors," Billhook began. "In return for allowing us the use of a ultra high level security facility on your island, we are willing to give you Gringotts first vault and aid you in a number of other ways."

"I agree with the following conditions," Harry said. "No deal will go through without the approval of my employee, the Architect. The construction of the facility will be paid for by Gringotts and will be under the control of my employee, the Architect."

"I . . ." the goblin said dumbly, "I was going to demand that he be given the task and I was going to offer full funding in return."

"Funny how the world works," Harry said with a cold grin. "Do we have a deal?"

"Yes we do," the goblin replied. "It is a pleasure doing business with you Mr. Black."

"The pleasure was all mine," Harry corrected with a smirk. "Before I go, there's just one thing I'd like to do."

"What's that Mr. Black?" The goblin asked with a smile.

"I'd like to see the wills of my parents and Sirius Black," Harry replied. "That's the reason I came in today."

"Right away," the goblin agreed quickly and the documents were sitting on the desk in moments.

"It says here that I should distribute the money between any survivors as I see fit," said Harry holding up Sirius's will. "I'd like to have the following amounts given to the following people . . ."

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"Ok," Hermione said to her partner. "Let's go down the check list."

"Right," Luna agreed. "Rubber pants?"

"Che . . ." Hermione stopped herself, "why don't I read the list?"

"But you didn't say check," Luna protested. "How are we ever going to know if we have rubber pants if you don't say check?"

"We don't have rubber pants," Hermione said with a fake smile. "Now it's my turn to read the list."

"But we might need rubber pants," Luna continued. "And where are we going to get rubber pants our size at this time of night?"

"Why don't we just worry about that later?" Hermione suggested. "And focus on the things we need to do before we start our search."

"Like buy rubber pants?" Luna asked.

"Yes," Hermione agreed through clenched teeth. "Like buy rubber pants."

"Ok," Luna said with a smile.

"Ok," Hermione said. The bushy haired girl forced herself to take several calming breaths, "have you arranged to continue your education?"

"Why would I do that?" Luna asked in genuine confusion.

"So that you can pass your exams," Hermione said slowly.

"Hmmm?" Luna looked puzzled, "oh I took my exams ages ago."

"What?" Hermione asked in shock, "then why are you still in school?"

"Because that's where all my friends are of course," Luna said with a frown. "What other reason would I go to school?"

"To . . . forget it," Hermione ordered. "How did you do on your exams?"

"I thought you told me to forget it?"

"Not that," Hermione said quickly.

"You really need to learn to be more decisive Hermione," Luna said with a frown.

"Just answer the bloody question," Hermione growled.

"Oh right," Luna agreed. "Hmmm . . . I seem to remember having the third highest collective score in the last fifty years, does that help?"

"I . . ." Hermione's jaw was hanging and her eyes were glazed.

"Oh dear," Luna said sadly. "I think I broke her . . . I wonder if Harry will get angry with me if he finds out?" A few moments of

contemplation convinced Luna that maybe Harry might blame her for the small role she played in driving Hermione mad. "Now where should I hide the body," Luna mused.

"Body?" Hermione asked in alarm.

"Of evidence we gather to find Harry," Luna said innocently.

"Right . . . I think Professor McGonagall said something about sending it all to Hogwarts for distribution." Hermione said, she was still looking at the blond girl oddly.

"Oh goody," Luna said with a giggle. "Now that everything is set, we can be on our way."

"I . . . let's go," Hermione said in defeat.

"To Gringotts then," Luna said as she dragged her partner towards the nearest floo connection. "It'll be ever so much fun."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "Fun."

Luna was humming 'To Gringotts we will go' as the girls tumbled out of the fireplace.

"Come on Hermione," Luna said as she pulled the larger girl to her feet. "I want to see if they have any loud mouthed snooks here."

"Why don't we focus on getting Harry first?" Hermione suggested.

"Ok," Luna agreed with a smile. "Excuse me Mr. Goblin teller?"

"It's . . . oh, hello Ms. Lovegood. How is your father?"

"He still thinks you control the Minister of Magic with a brain eating worm," Luna said cheerfully. "Little does he know . . ."

"Yes . . . quite," the Goblin agreed. "I take it you've come here for the reading of Sirius Black's will?"

"No," Luna disagreed. "We came here to get some gold so we could go Harry Hunting . . . "

"But we'd be happy to do that after the will reading," Hermione interjected.

"Then come this way," the goblin commanded. The girls followed the goblin through several halls and into a large meeting room filled with people. "Have a seat, the reading will begin shortly."

A distinguished looking man walked to the head of the room and cleared his throat. "Now that we have everyone here that is going to attend, I think it best that we begin. I Sirius Black, would like to give the following loot to the following people. To Moony, my brother Remus Lupin I give ten thousand galleons and my flat in Diagon alley. Use it well buddy and see you on the other side. To my cousin Tonks, I give you ten thousand Galleons and my collection of tyedied shirts. I hope you enjoy them as much as I did. To Harry's friend Hermione Granger, I leave ten thousand Galleons. Thanks for being there for Harry. To Harry's friend Ron Weasley, I give the same and ditto. To my Godson Harry James Potter, I leave the remainder of my personal fortune . . . are there any questions?"

"No," Remus said tightly. "Thank you."

"Then I shall take my leave," the man replied.

"Hello Hermione," Remus said sadly. "How are you doing?"

"I'm fine Remus," Hermione replied. "How are you?"

"I'm trying to live my life one day at a time," Remus said.

"Hey Hermione," Tonks said with a grin from Remus's side. "I'm gonna have join you later, I got an offer to attend a few classes on Black's island and it was too good to pass up."

"And it's probably the best place to get leads on Harry's current location," Hermione added. "Good work Tonks, but what about?" Hermione's eyes flicked to Remus.

"He's coming with me," Tonks explained. "Black's people said it was ok."

"They asked me to teach a class on dark creatures and another on how difficult it is to live a normal life as a werewolf."

"You'll do fine," Luna pronounced. "You were a wonderful teacher and I learned nearly as much from you as I did from Harry."

"Thank you Luna," Remus accepted the compliment.

"I hate to be rude," Hermione said with a frown. "But we really have to be going."

"I understand," Remus said. "Find him, please."

"We'll do our best," Hermione agreed. "Let's go Luna."

"Bye," Luna said over her shoulder. "If you see Mr. Black, tell him my father still wants that book on what he did with the Veela."

"Where to first?" Hermione asked once they'd reached the lobby.

"First I'd suggest you take these," a goblin interrupted. "So that you have a way to draw funds from your new accounts."

"New accounts?" Hermione asked dumbly. "But Luna didn't . . ."

"I created a new one yesterday," Luna explained. "Under the name Ms. White . . . what new identity did you choose?"

"Hermione Granger?" Hermione said weakly.

"That's so subtle," Luna agreed. "Maybe I should change my identity back to Luna Lovegood, they'd never expect us to go by our real names."

"They . . . never mind," Hermione said forcefully. "Where should we go first."

"The travel shop said they'd give us a discount," Luna suggested. "Maybe we should go there."

"Good idea Luna," Hermione agreed. "Let's go."

Hermione followed Luna to an odd looking travel shop. "We're here," Luna said happily. "Let's go in."

"Ok," Hermione agreed.

"I have your purchases rung up and your ruck sacks are sitting behind the counter," the shopkeeper spoke as the girls walked in. "There is a list on top of each bag itemising the contents, just tell me if I missed anything."

"Ok," Luna said with a grin. "We will."

"Luna what . . ."

"Just check the list," Luna suggested. "I want to ask him a few questions."

"Ok," Hermione agreed with a odd look on her face.

"What would you like to know?" The shopkeeper asked.

"Where should we go first?" Luna asked.

"It doesn't really matter," the shopkeeper replied with a shrug. "Anywhere Mr. Black has been you might wish to follow . . . or not, like I said it doesn't really matter."

"Is Mr. Black one of you?" Luna demanded.

"One of us?" The shopkeeper asked with a grin, "why whatever do you mean?"

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "What are you talking about Luna."

"Seers," Luna replied tightly. "They're all seers."

"Too true," the shopkeeper agreed. "I'm of the Children of Casandra, cursed by the gods."

"Cursed by the gods?" Hermione asked.

"It's quite common for the older families to have a curse or blessing," the shopkeeper agreed. "For example, we have young Harry Potter the favored of the goddesses, and we have the Lovegoods."

"What about the Lovegoods?" Hermione asked by reflex.

"Half fae," the Shopkeeper said with a grin. "Never the same since they came out from underhill, never more then half in the world. It must be taking everything you have to stay so focused, very impressive."

"It's taking all I have not to turn you into a newt," Luna said tightly.

"I'd just get better," the shopkeeper said with a grin. "I take it the lists were to your satisfaction?"

"They were," Hermione agreed. "Let's go Luna."

"Ok," Luna agreed and the two girls walked out.

"Luna," Hermione asked after they had left the shop.

"Yes Hermione?" Luna replied, the dreamy expression back on her face.

"Was it true what he said about you being half fae?" Hermione said slowly.

"Some of it," Luna allowed. "I have trouble focusing on one thing because there's so much to see, so much to take in. I'm sorry, it's a bit like explaining color to a blind man."

"I think I understand," Hermione said quietly. "What about the part with Harry?"

"Luck and Justice," Luna said with a giggle. "He's their favored son, one helps Harry stand them up and the other helps him knock them down."

"But what does that mean?" Hermione said in frustration.

"I don't know," Luna admitted. "It all has to do with the Olympian Pantheon, my family never had much to do with them. Their names are Tyche and Nemesis if that helps."

"It does," Hermione agreed. "Thank you Luna."

|||||

"So where are we going?" The Professor asked with a smile.

"Amsterdam," Harry replied. "And then to Finland, after that . . . after that maybe we can set things up in Canada."

"Already done," Henggirl spoke up.

"When do I have to start the program?" Harry asked.

"Few weeks," Henggirl answered with a shrug. "Doesn't matter much, I was sure they'd be flexible."

"Thanks," Harry said with a smile. "Then after that . . . back to the island maybe?"

"Sounds good," the Professor agreed.

|||||

"Minerva," Albus said with a smile. "It's long past time that I was on my way."

"Good luck Albus," Minerva replied. "If all else fails, just make sure he's safe."

"I will," Albus promised. "Take this, be sure to give one to each of the searchers."

"What's this?" Minerva asked, the Headmaster had just handed her a large box.

"It contains a number of Zippos," Albus replied. "I used my position to get the Auror models, a bit more secure then the standard model and able to conference call. It'll help everyone stay in contact."

"I will," Minerva agreed. "Good thinking Albus."

"Thank you," the Headmaster replied. "It is good to think that I can still have a good idea on occation."

IIIIIIII

"Ready to go Remus?" Tonks asked nervously, she was still afraid that he'd back out at the last minute.

"Yes," Remus agreed. "I'm all packed . . . are you sure we have to share a room?"

"Of course I am," Tonks replied in a huff. "You're coming as my guest, it wouldn't be possible to get you your own quarters."

"Yes . . . but," Remus began. "Are you sure it's proper to have a man living with an unmarried woman?"

"I'm sure," Tonks replied. She was equally sure that the room would only have one small bed, one large bath that had to be shared if one wanted there to be enough hot water, and a closet full of energy potions. It had taken a bit of planning but she'd managed to get most of her requests approved, the only thing she hadn't gotten was a charm on the door that removed a person's clothing when they entered the room . . . damn it.

"If you're sure," Remus agreed nervously.

"I am," Tonks said with a predatory smile. He'd been single far too long . . . so had she for that matter.

AN: Well, here it is the sequel to 'Make a Wish.' I don't know how long this will be, though I doubt it'll be half as long as 'Make a Wish' . . . well, I hope it won't be long. It takes a long time to write that much and I have other ideas for other sequels. You've already seen 'Back In Black,' I've also got one brewing called 'To Put the Wrong Things Right.' Don't know when you'll see any of that, less you're on my group because they've already gotten a taste.

Disclaimer: Trying to trick Mr. Black into a quest could result in your early and painful demise.

Retread

"We've arrived in Amsterdam," Henchgirl called out. "You can port down any time you wish."

"Thank you," Harry replied. "Was there anything you or the Professor wanted to do while we're here?"

"Nope," Henchgirl said. "Nothing."

"Same here," Harry agreed. "I'm still not sure why I listened to that bloody shopkeep."

"Sooner you leave the sooner we can be on our way," Henchgirl prompted. "And the sooner you can drink the yummy vitamin potion that I'll be making."

"I'll be back as soon as I can then," Harry said with a fond grin. "Port me down."

Harry appeared on the street in front of a couple of very surprised Staatstovenaars. "I don't bloody believe it," one of them whispered to his companion. "What are the chances that Mr. Black shows up when we're out practicing how to tail people?"

"Zero," the other replied. "He's just checking up on use, making sure we're practicing what he showed us."

"That must be it," the first agreed. "You go back to headquarters and tell the boss who's here, I'll follow Mr. Black."

"Sounds good," the other man replied. "Tell me how things turn out."

Harry walked a dozen steps down the street then paused to take a bit of air through his nose. "You may as well take off that invisibility cloak," Harry said to nothingness.

"How did you know?" The Staatstovenaar asked in awe, "I know I didn't make a sound. I know I didn't leave any indentations in the ground. And I know you didn't use your mage sight."

"I smelled you," Harry explained. "You used no scent soap but it wasn't good enough, nice try though."

"Thank you sir." The man said with a smile, "it is always a pleasure to have you in town. I take it they decided to send you a message then?"

"Not yet," Harry replied calmly. He didn't have a clue what the man was talking about but he wasn't going to admit that. "You may as well tell them I'm here."

"Yes sir, I already sent my partner ahead but I'll call to tell them that you're ready." The man agreed. Harry watched as the Law Enforcement Officer pulled out a Zippo and began whispering into it. "If you'll come with me sir, we can get the situation resolved as quickly as possible."

"Alright," Harry agreed. "Why don't you give me the background information while we walk?"

"Don't you know sir?"

"Never let them know what you know," Harry replied. "It is always enlightening to find out what they want to say."

"I understand sir," the officer replied. It was great to get another chance to learn a few tricks from the best. "We've got an enchanted painting that we need to authenticate, the charms on the canvas are so old that it's difficult to be sure of anything."

"Are there other representations of the caster's work?" Harry asked quickly, "I'd like to have something to compare it with."

"Yes there are sir," the man said quickly.

"I'm no art expert," Harry began. "But I'll do my best."

"We appreciate that sir," the Staatstovenaar replied. "It's this building right in front of you."

Harry followed the Staatstovenaar into the small building to find a group of people waiting for him. "Staatstovenaar Van Der Mijer, how good to see you again."

"It's good to see you again too Mr. Black," Annie replied. "Thank you for coming."

"Where's the painting?" Harry asked quickly. "I hate to be rude but I have a few other things I have to do today."

"Of course," Annie replied. "We wouldn't think of delaying you any longer than we have to, it's right this way."

Annie motioned towards an open door and followed Harry in. The center of the room held a large statue of an enormously fat man sans clothing and Harry felt a bit put out that they'd want him to examine something like that. "Is this it?" He asked.

"It's a piece that was enchanted by the man that we believe may have enchanted the painting," Annie replied.

"Alright," Harry squinted at the statue for a few minutes. "Where is the painting."

"It's the one to the left of the door," Annie replied.

"Rembrandt?" Harry asked with a thoughtful look as he examined the painting.

"We think so," the museum director replied. "But we haven't been able to authenticate it."

"You hope that if you can match the charms to the caster then you'll be able to get a bit more evidence?" Harry asked as he squinted at the painting.

"Yes we do," the director replied. "There are only a few known cases of muggle painters working with magical painters to create works of art, if this was indeed painted by Rembrandt then it is likely that the patron tried to hide the fact to avoid going to jail for violating the statutes of secrecy."

"Most of the enchantment appears to have been cast by the same person that enchanted the statue," Harry said slowly. "Though there are a few patches that were cast by at least one other person, can't say who that could have been."

"Thank you Mr. Black," the museum director said with a smile. "It has been a pleasure working with you."

"I am always happy to get a chance to visit an art museum," Harry replied. "So I thank you for giving me the chance to do so and call it work . . . port me up."

Harry was greeted by two curious looks when he arrived on the bridge of the Zeppelin. "Well?" Henggirl asked.

"They wanted me to take a look at a painting," Harry replied with a shrug. "That's all."

"Well that's that then," the Professor said. "Shall we be off to Norway then?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. "The shopkeeper said that I should talk to one of his cousins."

"Do you have any idea what part of Norway?" The Professor asked with a frown, "it is after all a large country."

"Just head to whatever part you want," Harry replied with a shrug. "And if that isn't the correct place then I'll call the shopkeeper and look for another."

"Excellent idea," the Professor agreed. "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder . . ."

"Do you have to sing?" Harry interrupted.

"Yes . . . yes I do," the Professor agreed. "Now where was I? Oh yes . . . Off we go into the wild blue yonder . . ."

IIIIIIIIII

"Come on Remus," Tonks demanded.

"I just wanted to be sure that we had everything ready," the older man replied. "It doesn't hurt to be careful."

"I know that," Tonks said quickly. "But we can always come back for anything we forgot, I want to get to Black's island as fast as possible."

"I understand your eagerness," Remus conceded. "But getting careless will just cause us to waste more time later."

"I know," Tonks agreed. "But you're taking forever."

"I'm sorry," Remus said contritely. "I am finished now."

"Then touch the portkey," Tonks commanded. "And let's go . . . to fantasy island."

"Fant . . ." Remus's question was cut off as the portkey activated, " . . . tsy Island?"

"Where all my dreams will come true," Tonks agreed.

"Ah, Auror Tonks." Percy called out in greeting, "right on time."

"Percy?" Tonks asked in shock.

"Pencil actually," Percy replied. "Most of the permanent workers in Mr. Black's service choose to go by code names. Yours is no face if you should choose to use it and your companion's is Moony."

"How did . . ." Remus began.

"He's Mr. Black," Percy interrupted. "I find it best to not be surprised by anything he does."

"Right," Tonks said quickly. "Could you show us to our rooms?"

"Right this way," Percy agreed. "I hope you don't mind but I've decided to take you to your rooms via the scenic route."

"The scenic route?" Tonks asked.

"Through the hall of badges and trophies," Percy explained as they entered the hall. "The hall of Badges and Trophies is so named because it contains all of the badges that have been awarded to Mr. Black by various organizations around the world."

"Texas Department of Public Safety?" Remus read from a brass plaque below one of the badges.

"I understand they sent it because Mr. Black was once a member of their organization," Percy said. "Something about wearing a mask but not crossing the line . . . if you'll walk this way, you'll see a small assortment of Mr. Black's most recent trophies."

"Why is there a roll of cable there?" Tonks asked.

"It's a Cabal of Death eaters," Percy replied. "I'm not sure what that means but I have seen several people giggling when they walk by it, I'm sure you could find out if you were to ask."

"Thanks," Tonks said. She was a bit overwhelmed by the size of the complex.

"Your mother was a Black was she not?" Percy asked as the continued down the hall.

"Yes why?" Tonks asked coldly.

"Because rumor has it that Mr. Black himself has taken an interest in your career," Percy replied. "I normally don't concern myself with such things but I thought you may like to know that little tidbit."

"Oh . . . thanks Percy."

"The Pencil," Percy reminded gently. "And it was the least I could do."

IIIIIIII

"We are here," the Professor called out.

"Good," Harry said with a fake smile. "Coming Henchgirl?"

"No," Henchgirl shook her head. "I'm going to be working on a potion that causes deafness."

"Have fun with that . . . and save some for me please."

"I will," Henchgirl promised. "And then I'm going to start working on a pair of earplugs."

"Sounds good," Harry said. "Port me down." Harry appeared on the ground in front of a large curio shop. "What an amazing coincidence," he muttered to himself. "What are the chances that I would land in front of what is probably my destination . . . frigging shopkeepers."

"Hello?" The woman behind the counter called out as Harry entered, "what can I do for you?"

"Your cousin said I should talk to you," Harry said. "And you had better not be planning to send me on a quest."

"No of course not," the woman replied with a nervous grin.

"Good," Harry said coldly. "Because if I find out any differently . . ."

"Heh heh," the shopkeeper tossed a bundle of papers under the counter. "I may have a few old maps and what not, but that doesn't

mean I'd send you on a quest . . . I just thought you liked maps and what not."

"Good," Harry replied.

"My cousin sent you here because I have some things that might be useful," the woman continued. "And I can also give you some old treasure maps and some old sagas, you know stuff that could be used on a quest but would be much better doing . . . something that has nothing to do with a quest."

"What are the items you wanted to give me?" Harry prompted.

"Well," the woman began. "The first thing you have to know is that the curse is stronger in some of us, I just get feelings."

"Go on."

"I have a feeling that you could use this hand axe," the woman put an old Viking axe on the counter. "Along with this knife, and this leather bag."

"What's in the bag?" Harry asked.

"I had a feeling that you would be spending time in the wilderness," the woman replied. "The bag is filled with things that would be useful."

"Great, anything else?"

"This book on Sami spells," the woman said as she put a book on the counter. "And this book on White Russian magic, traded for it with one of my cousins in Finland. I'm told that you got a book on red magic from one of my other cousins?"

"Yes I did," Harry agreed. "I'll take it all, thanks."

"Including the stuff that has nothing to do with quests?" The woman asked hopefully.

"Fine," Harry said through clenched teeth. "Including that stuff."

"Great," the woman said. "You might also want to take a course from a man named Kochanski in Canada, just a feeling but it might come in handy."

"Thanks," Harry replied as he gathered up his purchases. "Port me up."

"Well?" Henchgirl demanded, "what'd you get?"

"Couple of spell books," Harry replied. "And some stuff that'll be useful for living in the back woods."

"That's all?" Henchgirl asked with a frown.

"And a bunch of treasure maps," Harry corrected himself. "Almost forgot about those."

"Gimme," Henchgirl commanded. "Hmmmmmm, looks like they're mostly locations of old Norse settlements."

"Cool," Harry said with a grin. "Might be fun to look into that after I become an Archaeologist."

"I think it would be even more fun to build a pirate ship and hunt for the pirate treasure on these other maps," Henchgirl said with a grin.

"Why don't we put that off for now?" Harry suggested.

"Ok," Henchgirl agreed. "Back to the island then?"

"Yeah," Harry said with an evil smirk. "I think it's time Mr. Black taught his first course."

"Mwahahahaha," Henchgirl cackled.

"Why are you doing that?" Harry asked with an odd look on his face.

"Because it's fun," Henchgirl explained. "And because I'm a mad scientist, the rules state that I must cackle at least three times a day."

"Oh," Harry said dumbly. "Don't let me stop you then."

"Now where was I? Oh yes . . . Bwmahahahahaahah."

IIIIIIII

"We still haven't decided where to go first," Hermione grouched. "You'd think we could figure that much."

"The beach," Luna shouted. "Let's go to the beach, oh it'll be so much fun."

"And what does this have to do with finding Harry?" Hermione asked with a forced smile, "or Mr. Black."

"Nothing at all," Luna replied happily. "But I think we'll have an easier time figuring out where to go if we're relaxing on the beach."

"How about a place that will help us find Harry or Mr. Black," Hermione suggested.

"Bulgaria," Luna replied quickly. "It's as good a place as any."

"Why's that?"

"Mr. Black sated an entire conclave of Veela," Luna explained. "And he's worshiped as a living god of fertility."

"I guess," Hermione wavered.

"It's also close to Transylvania, the home of one of Mr. Black's good friends . . . we may want to have Remus along when we visit him."

"That makes sense," Hermione said suspiciously.

"And I think I can get Daddy to pay for it all," Luna finished. "If we can't get Mr. Black to tell us what he did to those Veela and how then

maybe we can get the Veela to tell us what Mr. Black did to them. Anything we were able to pass along would almost certainly make quite a bit of money, money we could use to help us look for Harry."

"Fine," Hermione agreed. "Let's go get a portkey."

AN: For those that don't know, Tyche is the Greek Goddess of luck and she is often associated with Nemesis the Goddess of Justice.

Disclaimer: The kitchen is a dangerous place, be careful when you cook and watch out for penguins.

Mr. Black's Cooking Class

"Here we are," Luna enthused. "Bulgaria, now all we gotta do is find those Veela so we can get them to tell us what Mr. Black did with them."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "Then . . . wait, why do we want to learn about what Mr. Black did to a group of Veela? How is that going to help us find Harry?"

"Hmmm?" Luna looked blank, "aren't we reporters looking for our next big scoop?"

"No, we're two girls looking for Mr. Black so that he can tell us where to find Harry Potter."

"Oh . . . right," Luna agreed. "Let's go find those Veela so that we can find Mr. Black, then we'll seduce the location of Harry out of him and write a book about it."

"No seduction," Hermione said firmly. "It's too dangerous."

"Maybe just a little danger?" Luna asked hopefully.

"No," Hermione snarled. "What was that you just mumbled?" Hermione asked sharply.

"What was what who just what?" Luna said innocently.

"Grrrr," Hermione had to remind herself that Luna would be useful in her hunt . . . again . . . for the tenth time . . . that day.

"You really need to learn to relax," Luna said, oblivious to the danger. "It's not good for you to be so tense all the time . . . I know, maybe those Veela can help you ease the tension."

"No"

"Then maybe Mr. Black can . . ."

"Drop it," Hermione snapped.

"Oh look at all the towns folk," Luna shouted. "Hello towns folk."

"Wha . . ." For the first time Hermione noticed that her little scene with Luna was being observed. "Hello everyone," Hermione said with a nervous chuckle. "I was wondering if any of you knew where I could find Mr. Black?"

"Right behind you," one of the old women replied.

Hermione whirled around to find herself staring at . . . a statue. "What's this?" Hermione asked flatly.

"Mr. Black," the old woman replied. "Patron of fertility, protector of marriage."

"Protector of Marriage?" Hermione prompted.

"If those Veela are busy with him then they have no time for our husbands," another woman explained.

"Riiight," Hermione agreed. "We were actually looking for the actual Mr. Black, you haven't seen him have you?"

"Not for a few months," an old shopkeeper replied. "But you might want to go up the road to the Veela sanctuary, one of them might be able to tell you where to find him."

"Thanks," Hermione replied. "Come on Luna."

"Ok," Luna agreed quickly. "We're off to see the Veela . . ."

"No singing," Hermione commanded.

"Awwwww," Luna sulked. "How about humming?"

"No"

"Whistling?"

"No"

"Playing a musical instrument?"

"Do you have any musical instruments?" Hermione asked wearily.

"Noooooo," Luna replied with an innocent smile, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

"No anyway," Hermione replied with a fake grin.

"River dancing?"

"No"

"Tap dancing?"

"No"

And so it went on till they reached the Veela sanctuary . . . four hours later . . .

"Ok," Luna agreed. "I won't do any of those things."

"Good," Hermione said with thinly disguised relief. "What I don't understand is why Mr. Black is seen as some sort of fertility god in that village."

"It's fairly common to have death and rebirth linked," Luna explained. "I'd have thought you'd have been aware of that."

"I am," Hermione agreed. "But the figure of rebirth is commonly female and many times it's the same figure in a different aspect."

"True," Luna replied slowly. "On the other hand Mr. Black is believed to have . . . kept company with a large number of Veela, that may be enough to convince them."

"Things like that don't just crop up overnight," Hermione said. "They have to have time to develop."

"If you say so," Luna said with a noncommittal shrug.

"Good," Hermione said in relief. "Let me do the talking."

"What talking?" Luna asked.

"When we talk to the Veela," Hermione replied.

"What about sign language?" Luna asked, "can I do that?"

"Why don't you just forget what I just said," Hermione suggested.

"Ok," Luna agreed.

"Now, let's get things started." Hermione walked up to the large house and knocked on the door.

"Ello?" A platinum haired woman answered the door, "ow may I help you?"

"Have you seen Mr. Black?" Hermione got right down to business.

"Quite a bit of him," the Veela agreed with a silly grin. "Why?"

"I mean recently," Hermione prompted. "In the last few days maybe?"

"No," the Veela replied sadly. "But if you see im, tell im that we miss im."

"I will," Hermione agreed.

"We would be willing to pay a hansom sum for the privilege of his company," another Veela offered.

"I'll tell you where you might be able to find him if you answer a question," Luna offered with a grin.

"What do you want to know?" Several Veela stared at Luna intently.

"What did you do with Mr. Black?" Luna asked quickly.

"Many things," one Veela replied.

"Ee is very skilled," another added.

"Very helpful," another agreed.

"A man among men, now tell us where to find him." The last Veela demanded.

"He might not be there," Luna began. "But he does have an ancient evil fortress down by Antartica."

"Thank you," one of the Veela replied. "Now if you will excuse us, we must be packing."

"Luna," Hermione asked calmly. "If you knew about Mr. Black's island, why didn't we just go there first?"

"Oh it's because I don't think he's there right now," Luna replied. "And we've already got Tonks searching there . . . let's go to Prague."

"Will that help us find Harry or Mr. Black?"

"They have good beer," Luna offered. "We could use that as bait for a trap."

"Let's just go back to town and plan our next destination there . . . and get some headache potions . . . and some antacids."

"Not feeling well?" Luna asked sympathetically, "I know just the thing to help you relax."

IIIIIIII

Harry stepped up to the podium and looked out at his class. "I'm told that many of you know who I am and for those that don't, my name is Mr. Black."

The students gasped when they realised the identity of their mysterious instructor. In the back of the room, one hardened Auror fainted and another began crying . . . let's just say that many of the recruits attracted by the Fudge administration weren't of the highest quality and leave it at that.

"Alright," Harry said after everything had calmed down. "Today I'm going to be teaching you how to make an omelet." Silently, nearly every person in the class began using their impressive intellects in an attempt to decipher the hidden meaning behind Mr. Black's seemingly innocent comments. "The first thing you have to know about making an Atlantian omelet is that you make it without breaking any eggs."

"Excuse me," one of the Aurors called out. "But may I ask where you learned to make Atlantian omelet?"

"From a chap named Myrrden or was it Myrridin . . . I guess it doesn't matter," Harry began with a smile. "The guy wasn't much of a wizard but he was one hell of a cook . . . any other questions?" The room went silent as everyone digested the information they'd just received. "Ok, now the way you do this without breaking the shell is . . ."

The class went on for three hours and Harry explained every stage of the process. The looks of confusion warmed his heart and he couldn't wait to hear what he made of things.

" . . . and this is the last stage." Harry began his conclusion, "this is the time to add anything that might suit you and it's ready to serve." As he looked over the sea of confused faces it was only by mustering every bit of self control, every piece of will power, Harry managed to hold in his laughter. "Any questions?"

The students shook their heads dumbly and began to shuffle out the door. Harry smiled to himself, it was a good thing Henchgirl was

recording this because he intended to watch it a dozen times. Everyone needed to see something funny every now and again.

IIIIIIII

"Ooooh Remus," Tonks called out. "Wanna play little red riding hood."

"I'd rather not," Remus replied with as much dignity as he was able to muster. "I still say I'm too old for you."

"And I still say you're not," Tonks replied. "How about this . . . I've been very naughty, punish me Professor."

"Can't we just cuddle?" Remus offered, "I'd rather take things slow so you don't have a chance to do something that you might later regret."

"That'll just give you more time to think of reasons why we shouldn't be together," Tonks replied. "I'd rather not give that to you and I'm not going to give up till you see things my way."

Remus took a deep breath, looked like it was going to be another long night.

IIIIIIII

After class, a man in a trench coat quietly separated himself from the crowd . . . along with everyone else and went to find a secluded corner to report. Once he'd found a sufficiently isolated location, it was easy due to the fact that the architect had included several in his plans. The man pulled off his shoe and began whispering into it. "This is secret agent eighty six calling control, come in control."

"If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times." The voice that replied sounded more then a bit upset. "You are not agent eighty six and we are not control."

"I am now and so are you," the man replied smugly. "I had a little talk with the Professor and he thought my ideas sounded great."

"What?" The voice screamed in shock, "you told Black's insane scientist about that muggle series you're obsessed with?"

"I did, it was nice to talk to some one that appreciates Mel's genius. He even designed several gadgets form me," the man agreed.

"For the love of god just tell me that you didn't get him to build you a cone," the voice pleaded.

"Afraid I can't do that chief," the man replied with a grin. "But I think it's time we stopped this idle chit chat and got on with my report then to bore you with the details of our new names."

"Go on," the voice said in defeat.

"I attended my first class," eighty six began. "And was surprised to see it being taught by Mr. Black himself."

"What did he teach," the Voice demanded.

"How to make an omelet," eighty six replied.

"An omelet?"

"Yes an omelet," eighty six agreed. "I'm beginning to suspect the Mr. Black might also appreciate the greats."

"All he taught was how to make an omelet?"

"Without breaking any eggs," eighty six replied. "It's easy once you've got the trick down."

"I wonder what he was trying to tell us?" The voice mused.

"I don't know," eighty six got back to business. "But I did think to record everything that happened, I'll send it along when you're ready."

Several strange sounds came through the connection before the voice replied, "go ahead."

|||||

"I think we should go to Transylvania next," Luna said. "It's the home of the Count, one of Mr. Black's best friends. If any one knows where to find Mr. Black it would be him."

"Agreed," Hermione replied. "But I think we should wait till we can bring Remus with us, he's a werewolf and an expert on how to deal with dark creatures. His presence could be vital to the success of the next stage of the mission."

"Are you sure you don't want me to give you a massage?" Luna asked suddenly, "I'm very good at it and you look so tense."

"Positive," Hermione replied quickly. "Thank you."

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"Alright," the Chief sighed. "Ninety nine, I want you to find out why Mr. Black's decided to stop being the terror that flaps in the night in favor of becoming a cooking instructor. There has got to be some hidden message that he's trying to get across."

"Ninety nine?" The woman asked with a raised eyebrow.

"You were right," the Chief explained. "It was a mistake to allow Max to go somewhere that he could influence others with his insanity, one of Mr. Black's people loves his ideas for new code names."

"I'm sorry sir," ninety nine said with a wince. "But you can't say I didn't warn you."

"Here are the recordings," the Chief said. "Do what ever you have to, just figure out what Black was telling us."

"Yes sir," the woman agreed. "I'll get my team on it right away."

|||||

Harry, Henchgirl, and the Professor were killing themselves with laughter as they watched the confused students report to their superiors. "Get a load of this one," Harry pointed to a screen showing a young English Auror. "Check out the look on her face."

"This was the best idea ever," Henchgirl agreed. "What do you want to teach them next?"

"I don't know," Harry replied between laughs. "How to weave baskets?"

AN: As always with thanks to my group, without which several parts of this fic would not exist. I've been working on a couple new projects, one of which may be posted on soon. The other, well I don't know when that one will be ready for the public.

OMAKE by Steve2

"Harry?"

Harry's eyes began to focus, but it was hard as they did not want to cooperate. As is, the last thing he wanted was to come back to the waking world.

"Harry? You all right there?" Henchgirl asked again, pouring herself some coffee. Black, naturally.

"Grumpflztsh," Harry muttered, pointing to the cup.

Henchgirl quickly got the gist of what he wanted and gave him the cup, pouring more in another mug for herself.

"Morning, sleepyhead. Rough night?" she asked in a chipper voice. Then added with a slight sarcastic overtone, "Course not so sure it can be rough since we don't have any veela on board." An old issue of the Quibbler was open on the table.

"Huh? Veela? There's veela here? If they ask for me, I'm not here! I am not going to play any more of their marathon games again!"

“Harry, calm down. I’m just kidding. You have bad dreams again?”
Henchgirl asked concerned.

Harry took another swallow of hot, blistering hot, hot coffee, coughed a few times, wiped away the tears of pain in his eyes for drinking something that hot so quickly and said, “Nah. Not bad dreams. Good dreams. Or at least one good dream. I didn’t want to wake up this morning.”

“Oh? Good dreams you say? Care to share with the rest of the class?” Henchgirl asked with a grin.

“Well, I’m not sure you’d appreciate the humour in it...” Harry began to hedge.

“Why don’t you let me be the judge of that,” Henchgirl suggested, motioning him to sit at the table and spill.

Harry sat and got settled. After a minute or so of thinking, he started, “It’s the same dream I’ve had each night for the past week. I’m in Diagon Alley. Not too many people around. It’s nearing closing time, the sun’s just about to set. I’m not sure what I’m doing there...”

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Harry looked around Diagon Alley. The shops had just started to wheel in their awnings and pull in anything that wasn’t nailed down. Magically or otherwise. How the hell had he gotten here? he asked himself. Seeing a very familiar travel shop, he knew it was time to get answers.

He started off towards the shop and quickly fell over. Looking down... er... sideways now that he was on the ground, he saw a cute little bunny. Strange, it didn’t run off from him. It simply munched away on a discarded apple. The rabbit was a little bit bigger than his hand but didn’t weigh all that much when Harry picked it up. He stroked its coat a few times and then carried it to the shop. Maybe he’d get around to beating the shopkeeper – after he got some bunny food.

"Ah, Mr. Black. So very good to see you again," the aged shopkeeper smiled at his arrival.

"Okay, what's the deal this time?" Harry demanded, still stroking the adorable brown and white bunny.

"Huh? Wuzzat?" the shopkeeper answered in his best true innocent voice.

"Why'd you bring me back here? Who else do I have to kill to get you out of my life?"

"Mr. Black, I didn't bring you here at all."

"Then why am I back in your store?" Harry really, really wanted to slap this guy.

|||||||

"I thought you said this was a good dream?" Henchgirl asked.

"It is," Harry agreed. "Just you wait until I get to the good part."

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The shopkeeper must have sensed his imminent beating and quite carefully said, "If I had to hazard a guess as to why you here, I'd have to say it was due to that Plot Bunny you have in your hands."

"What?" That threw the beating of the shopkeeper off. Harry looked down at the innocent, cute bunny in his hands.

"Plot Bunny. You do know what they are, don't you? No? They're fairly common. Most wizards don't even know of them because they do not affect them at all. Basically, these are bunnies that facilitate a person's life."

"Huh? Wuzzat?" Harry tried to come to grasp with the cute widdle bunny in his hands. That or to try and keep it from peeing on him.

“Think of it this way: have you ever felt like your purpose was over? Or that there was something you needed to do, that you wanted to do but knew that it had to wait until a later date? A Plot Bunny can help facilitate turning that sense of purposelessness into having a purpose.”

“How?” Harry was actually intrigued.

“Sometimes they speed up time for the individual, or move you through time and space altogether. In most cases they move you to where you need to be. It’s really up to the wizard’s power. And before you ask, no, most wizards do not use them as they are not powerful enough to affect a Plot Bunny at all. It takes a lot of power to energize a Plot Bunny.

“So tell me, Mr. Black, are you feeling a little... purposeless these days?”

“Well... yes. I guess so.”

“Is there something you feel you need to do?”

“Well... I’m glad that old Voldemort is gone, but sometimes I feel like he got off too easy, you know? Like if I had my way that wanker would pay more for what he’s done...”

And with that Harry disappeared from reality...

...only to reappear in front of a familiar looking shopkeeper. “Good to meet you, Mr. Black,” he said. “I take it your travels have gone well?”

“What just happened?” Harry immediately went on guard. Something was off.

“I am guessing you have traveled to your intended purpose. Don’t you feel something familiar?” At Harry’s blank look, the shopkeeper pointed to his forehead.

His scar! He could feel Voldemort again. The cretin was alive! Harry looked at the shopkeeper who was readying a portkey. "How..." he started.

"You traveled to an alternate reality if I had to guess. Fortunately there was an available Plot Bunny to help out. I take it you want to right some things?"

With a feral grin in place, Mr. Black took the portkey and said, "See you soon. Activate."

Harry vanished from the shop only to reappear in a throne room with a lot of still-living death munchers groveling at the feet of a right arse.

"Wormtail? I thought my 6:30 appointment was to meet some new recruits and lynch a muggle family. Did you inform me wrong?" old lizard-breath eyed his minion evilly.

"...n... no, master. This must be an intruder. Do you wish me to dispatch him?"

Voldemort looked at the newcomer. "Perhaps. Tell me, stranger, why have you come into my most holy sanctorum?"

Harry looked around, ignoring his mortal enemy. He saw something that lifted his spirits. Today was a GOOD day after all. "Hey, is that Bellatrix and the LeStrange brothers over there? Hi guys! Acme! Acme, acme!"

Bellatrix looked at the strange man curiously. "Do you want me to torture him into insanity, my lord?" she asked, tapping her wand into the palm of her left hand.

"No. He appears to be there already. Tell me your name, stranger, before we begin our games with you."

"They call me..." Harry started but stopped as a monstrous anvil landed on Bellatrix's head, causing it and the rest of her shoulders, heck – the entire chest cavity for that matter – to suddenly go south

for the foreseeable future (so to speak). In other words – she got schmushed real good.

“Wha...?” Voldemort started only to have both LeStrange brothers copy the fate of Bellatrix.

“...Mr. Black,” Harry finished, smiling as he took out his camera and snapped an Instant picture of the grisly scene. The camera floated for a moment and then vanished only to reappear again a second later. The picture shunted out of the feeder which would take a few minutes to automatically magically develop. Later Harry would see the entire anvil scene on the three LeStranges play over and over. He really had to hand it to the Professor for creating this latest invention. Neville was going to enjoy his next birthday present. He might even frame it and put it on a wall somewhere. Ah, good times.

“So you have come to join me?” Voldemort asked hopefully while sliding his wand out and getting ready to do battle.

“Nope. Sorry. Just came by to say ‘Explosivo Castrado!’”

Wand out, Voldemort tried to block the spell but was a tad too slow. As such, his nether regions kind of... exploded... and not in a good way.

Harry was a bit bummed at not being able to see the thrashing, moaning, and groaning that Tommy-boy was engaged in as he had to take care of a few dozen death eaters, which as his good luck had it, did hear his name and quickly dropped their wands and surrendered. But it was always a good idea to incarcerate them before they found their mob mentality again and tried to stab him in the back.

Shortly, the two dozen now stupefied death munchers were taken care of and Harry focused his attention on the primary reason he was there. “How’s it hangin’, Tom? Oops, sorry. That was kind of crass of me, wasn’t it?”

“...argh... I can’t believe you did this. You bastard. What did I ever do to you?” Voldemort grimaced as he tried to cauterize the wound himself only to miss and scorch a knee.

Harry then spent another ten minutes finding inventive ways to torment Voldemort (mostly by calling him Tom since that bothered him so much – what a cry baby). He then killed him like before and even though Wormtail had fled (again), he knew it was only a matter of time before he collected that particular rat. And he wanted to enjoy the hunt.

“Return,” Harry commanded and he was again in the Travel shop.

“Welcome back, Mr. Black. How do you feel now?”

“Better. That was fun. I’ll have to do it again sometime. Well, I guess I’d better get back to my original reality. Where did that rabbit get to?”

Harry looked around the shop for a few minutes before finding the bunny near the children’s section of shop where international gags were sold. Chuckling, Harry picked up the bunny and said, “Silly rabbit. Tricks are for kids.”

IIIIIIII

“...and then I started to wake up,” Harry concluded.

Henchgirl was grinning and chuckling at the image of anvils falling on death eater heads.

Harry heard a noise from the doorway and looked over his shoulder to see the Professor standing there, a thoughtful expression on his face. “Plot Bunny you say. And you’ve had this dream multiple times. Yes, I think it could work...” he muttered, before leaving.

Henchgirl’s expression turned thoughtful as well. She looked at Harry with a calculating gaze.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Harry,” Henchgirl started, “you do know that Plot Bunnies exist, right?”

End – or is it?

Disclaimer: You'd like me to write something here wouldn't you? Well, I'm too smart for you and I'm going to leave this disclaimer blank. Not a word will grace it . . .

Revelations

"Chief," ninety nine called out as she entered the office. "I think we've figured out what Black was doing, and you're not going to believe it."

"What is it?" The Chief demanded.

"Two things, or I should say at least two things." Ninety nine amended, "when you're working with Black you can never be sure."

"What's the first one?"

"You've heard the saying 'you can't break an omelet without breaking a few eggs?'" Ninety nine continued at the Chief's nod, "Mr. Black made an omelet without breaking any eggs, a lesson in morality. At a guess he's telling us to play nice, but with him . . ."

"Anything is possible," the Chief interrupted.

"What's the second?"

"The second is a bit more interesting," ninety nine replied.

"Well what is it?"

"Why don't I show you," ninety nine suggested. "To be honest, I wouldn't have believed it without seeing it myself."

"Get on with it then," the chief said gruffly.

"Come on in," ninety nine called out. Several men rushed in and began setting up a small kitchen.

"What are you . . ."

"Just watch sir," ninety nine commanded. For the next few minutes, the chief watched his men cook and he was beginning to worry that he'd been a bit too hard on them. Just when it was starting to look like the only thing he was going to learn is that sleep deprivation isn't conducive to good research methods, ninety nine approached with an odd looking potion and an omelet.

"What's that?" The Chief demanded.

"Why don't you try the omelet first?" Ninety nine suggested.

"Why don't you tell me what you've found out," the Chief retorted "Before I'm forced to move you from field work to food service." He took a bite, "I might do that anyway, this is rather good."

"That's just it Chief," ninety nine said quickly. "Open the bottle of potion."

The Chief opened the bottle and immediately regretted it, "what's this vial stuff?" The foul smell wafting from the bottle made everyone wish they had no nose.

"Just watch sir," ninety nine commanded. One of the others took the potion and began making another omelet, this time adding half of the horrible potion. "What he just added is a Odor Acerrimus potion, known far and wide as being the worst smelling and worst tasting potion in the world with both features completely impervious to any clouding or alteration. It has no use besides that and so far only a man named Zonko is none for making any use of it."

"What does this have to do with anything?" The Chief growled.

"Take a bit sir." ninety nine handed the Chief the second omelet. The Chief's face went pale and he was starting to regret allowing this demonstration to take place. After a few minutes of psyching himself up, the chief cut off a very small piece and gingerly placed it in his mouth. Eyes widening in disbelief, he tried a larger one, and then tried a piece from the 'normal' omelet. "I can't believe this," he said in shock.

"Neither could we sir," ninety nine agreed. "And it works on every potion we thought to try."

"Incredible, I wonder if any of the others have managed to figure it out?"

Ninety nine blushed, "actually sir, after we figured it out we realized that Mr. Black told us how it works but we just didn't understand what he meant."

"What do you mean?" The Chief demanded.

"The last step," ninety nine explained. "He said that 'now's the time you can add something extra' or words to that effect. We had the solution in front of us the entire time. He even asked if anyone had any questions."

"Don't worry about that," the Chief commanded. "When it comes to Mr. Black, nothing is ever what it seems. He tricked us by not tricking us."

IIIIIIIIII

"Uh . . . Mr. Black," Henghgirl said nervously. "You have a visitor."

"Oh?" Harry asked, "who?"

"Some cook from Japan," Henghgirl replied. "And I think you should see this."

"Ok," Harry agreed. "Let's go." Harry followed Henghgirl out of his office and stared in shock at the odd man he found waiting for him. The man was dressed in a silver chef's outfit and was carrying at least two dozen cooking knives.

"I am the Steel Chef," the man introduced himself. "The sixty third generation of the Yamajima school of cooking. I have spent the last ten years wandering around the globe challenging masters and learning new cooking techniques."

"Really?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow, "you're hired. When can you start?"

"Wha?" The Steel Chef asked in shock, he had come to this cursed place to challenge an immortal to a duel to determine the best chef and he was being offered a job?

"The Pencil will give you any papers you need to sign and show you to your rooms," Harry continued. "Welcome aboard." Harry grabbed the dazed man's hand and gave it a firm shake, "I know you'll do us proud."

"Thank you?" The Chef said reflexively.

"Now if you will excuse me, I must be getting back to my business." Harry said with a smile, "be sure to ask if you have any questions or need anything. Let's go Henchgirl."

"Ok," Henchgirl agreed.

"I . . ." the Steel Chef didn't move for several minutes.

"Excuse me," Percy called out to the unmoving man. "Would you like to sign these forms now or see your apartments first?"

"I came to challenge him," the Steel Chef said dumbly. "And he gives me a job."

"He'd have likely looked at the challenge as an interview," Percy said with a shrug. "Be happy, the fact that he hired you means that he considers you the best in your field. He only hires the best he can find."

"I . . . I shall do everything I can to live up to such high expectations," the Steel Chef said humbly. "Truly Mr. Black is as great a man as I have heard."

"I'm glad to hear that," Percy said honestly.

IIIIIIII

"Moody here," the paranoid auror answered his Zippo.

"You may wish to avoid identifying yourself when you answer," the voice replied. "It could allow some miscreant to track you down."

"Who is this?" Moody growled.

"Oh, forgive me for not introducing myself. This is the Professor, I work for Mr. Black."

"What do you want?" Moody demanded.

"You," the Professor replied. "To teach a course or two on Mr. Black's island, he recommended you by name."

"Really?" Moody asked in interest, "what'd he say?"

"He said that you were fairly good at what you do," the Professor replied. "But that you need to pay more attention to your surroundings."

"He would have said that," Moody replied. "Tell him that I accept, and be sure to pass along my thanks for the Whiskey."

"I will," the Professor agreed. "And on behalf of Black Ink I'd like to welcome you to the team."

|||||||

Harry was wandering through the halls when he discovered a group of people milling around a door. Curious, he decided to move in and investigate.

"What's all this?" Harry asked.

"Just getting ready for class," one of the people replied.

"Class?" Harry prompted.

"New huh?" The man said in understanding, "well here's how it works on the island. You can attend any class you wish to take, use some of the library, and view the recordings of previously taught classes. In return you agree to deal with any situations that Mr. Black sends your way to the best of your ability and you may be asked to teach a few classes of your own."

"Sounds good," Harry said with a smirk. "What's this class?"

"We like to call it the History of Mr. Black," the man said with a grin. "It's taught by the Hogwarts Defence Against Dark Arts Professor, chap named Hamilton."

"If it's taught by one of the Hogwarts Professors, " Harry began. "Then who's teaching at Hogwarts."

"He comes here in his spare time," the man replied. "The most interesting aspect of the classes is hearing about Hogwart's prized duelist."

"Prized duelist?" Harry asked dumbly.

"Girl named Lavender Brown," the man replied. "Hamilton says that she has a fine mind for innovation."

"Really?"

"Finest since Mr. Black," the man agreed.

"Sorry to interrupt but this seemed like a good place to ask," one of the new students began. "So exactly who is Mr. Black?"

"I heard he was a ten thousand year old ex dark lord," one of the men whispered. "One so terrible that our image of death was based on his deeds."

"I heard that he really was death," another added.

"I heard that he was just a guy on vacation," Harry said. "One with terrible luck."

The rest of the men laughed and one slapped Harry on the back, "good one kid."

"The thought of Mr. Black being one of us," one of them laughed. "Has the same odds as . . . as . . . Mr. Black being Harry Potter."

"Who?" A dark looking woman asked above the laughter.

"Kid in England that blocked the killing curse as a babe," someone explained. "Disappeared after the death of that Dark Lord they were having trouble with."

"Ah," the woman's eyes lit up in understanding. "Thank you."

"No Problem," the man agreed.

Unnoticed by all, Harry slipped out of the crowd and continued his exploration of the massive fortress.

IIIIIIII

"I'm glad you had enough responsibility to come to this meeting boys," Molly favored her twin sons with a benevolent look. "And I'm sure you can guess what this is about."

"Nope," Fred replied.

"Can't think of a thing," George agreed.

"You going back to school," Molly explained calmly. "It's time for you to give up that silly joke shop so you can go back to school and finish your exams and get proper careers in respectable professions."

"Sorry to disappoint you mum --"

"-- but we're happy where we are," Fred finished.

"You can't expect to make a living on your pranks," Molly tried another tactic. "Why don't you just give all that up? Think of your future," she pleaded.

"Goodbye mother," George said as he stood up.

"It has become obvious that this meeting was a waste of time," Fred agreed as he rose to his feet. Both twins winced at the small item that fell out of Fred's pocket when he stood.

"Boys?" Molly stared in shock at the badge that had dropped out of Fred's pocket.

"Well --"

"-- Mum who - -"

"-- do you think gave us --"

"-- the Seed money to start our business."

"Why didn't you tell us?" Molly couldn't believe the twins kept something like this from the Order.

"Because you never asked," George shrugged. "Besides, it was a business matter - -"

"-- had nothing to do with the Order," Fred agreed.

"It was most certainly not a business matter," Molly couldn't rip her eyes away from the badge. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"Because the Order is a private organization," Fred sighed. "We helped out as much as you let us without revealing our cover."

"Which wasn't much," George shook his head. "We didn't get much respect from the Order --"

"-- or any tasks of note." Fred shook his head.

"We weren't sure about the loyalty of all the members --" George began.

-- or that they could keep their mouth's shut." Fred explained.

"And we didn't have permission to reveal ourselves," George finished with a shrug. "You would have never known if Fred hadn't have been so clumsy."

"Suppose it doesn't matter so much," Fred said as he picked up the badge and put it in his pocket. "Though we would appreciate it if you didn't say anything about this."

"Neither of us is willing to try memory charms on our own mother," George frowned. "No matter how big a risk she is to our covers."

"The lives you would risk by talking belong to us," Fred added. "You brought them into the world and I suppose that you're the best person to decide that they need to leave the world."

"So tell Dumbledore and the rest of the Order if you want --"

-- we don't care anymore." With that the twins popped out, leaving their distraught mother behind.

"We could have handled that better," George admitted after they had returned to the privacy of their shop.

"She's under a lot of stress with Harry gone," Fred agreed. "Maybe we should try contacting him again?"

"We'd have to spend less time talking to the girls of Acme Inc." George cautioned, "it'd take a while to convince Harry to come back even for a visit if he didn't want to."

"And I'm sure he'll come around on his own eventually," Fred added. "No need for us to push him."

"It'd be the wrong thing to do anyway," George agreed. "Best to let things resolve themselves . . . what was the time difference again?"

"It'll be a few hours before they're awake enough to answer their floo without cursing us," Fred lamented. "Don't see why they insist on sleeping a full eight hours."

"You like to sleep twelve hours," George pointed out.

"And so do you but not when we have something important to do," Fred rebutted.

"Excellent point twin of mine," George agreed. "What do you suggest we do in the mean time?"

"We could work on our Animagus transformations," Fred replied. "The girls sounded excited when we told them about our forms."

"Though what's interesting about a rabbit and a duck . . ." George trailed off.

"They're girls," Fred explained. "Their brains are less evolved than ours are."

"I wouldn't suggest you tell them that," George said quickly. "Or even think it around them, they have powers."

"Mysteriously mysterious powers," Fred agreed. "They know what we're thinking."

"Quite a feat when we don't half the time," George added. "So . . . enough gabbing, let's get down to it."

AN: Doing lots of work and don't have much time to write at the moment, hope to have more time soon.

Disclaimer: You'd like that wouldn't you? Well . . . I'm not going to fall for it.

Underwater Basket Weaving

"Chief," Ninety nine called out. "The Dutch are on the floo and they wish to speak with you."

"Fine," the aged man grunted. "Send them through."

"Dutch Magical Law Enforcement to Control, come in Control," the woman in the flames called out.

"Must you all do that every time you call?" The Chief groaned, "must you?"

"Yes," the woman replied. "We must."

"Fine," the Chief agreed in defeat. "What can I do for you?"

"It's what we can do for you," the woman said with a smile. "I have a bit of information to share . . . think of it as payment for cracking Black's riddle."

"What is it?" The Chief leaned forward.

"As you may have heard, Mr. Black recently authenticated a painting for us."

"Yes," the Chief agreed. "I thought it a bit odd that you'd ask Mr. Black to perform such a menial task but . . ."

"We had our reasons," the woman said sharply. "One of them was a desire to confirm that the Painter had contact with the magical world."

"And?"

"And he painted another portrait," the woman replied. "One of incredible detail, his masterpiece."

"So?" The Chief asked, "I'm still not seeing the point to this."

"The other portrait is also magical," the woman began. "The subject is a man in black . . . the wards on the painting make it impossible to remember any details about the man's face."

"So you have a painting of Mr. Black," the Chief said with a shrug. "So what?"

"So it's got something sealed within it . . . something bad," the woman said. "Possibly worse than the . . . thing in Austria."

"I see." The chief slumped in his chair, "is there anything I can do to help keep this thing contained?"

"The wards on the painting are fool proof," the woman replied. "We're afraid that any action on our part would have a negative effect."

"So what are you going to do with it?"

"We're going to present it to Mr. Black," the woman said with a grin. "He likes art and there's no one better to guard it."

|||||||

"Are we there yet?" Luna asked for the three hundredth time.

"Damn it Luna," Hermione exploded. "Are you trying to make me angry?"

"Yes I am," Luna agreed. "And it would help if you'd just go ahead and loose your temper so I can get on to more productive activities."

"What?" Hermione asked in shock, "why?"

"You've been bottling everything up since Harry disappeared," Luna explained. "It's not healthy and since you refused my offer of a massage . . ."

"I am not repressing my feelings," Hermione replied.

"Yes you are"

"No I'm not"

"Yes you are"

"No I'm . . . Stop trying to make me angry."

"No"

"Yes"

"No"

"Ye . . . arg." Hermione took several deep calming breaths. "Ok . . . how about this, we spend a day relaxing . . . then will you stop trying to make me angry?"

"Maybe," Luna said with a grin. "What did you have in mind?"

"There's a spa near here," Hermione began lecturing. "It is based around a hot spring that's been in use since Roman times . . ."

"Ok," Luna interrupted. "But if I think that you haven't relaxed enough then the deal's off."

"Fine," Hermione agreed. "Let's go."

IIIIIIIIII

Dumbledore's search for information had brought him to Germany to meet with an old friend. It was for the best, he told himself. Let Hermione and Luna talk to the people and let young Nym . . . Tonks speak to Law Enforcement. He was going to take advantage of a lifetime of contacts and favors owed to speak with those in power.

"Albus," Ritter said with a smile. "What brings you here?"

"Business," Dumbledore said with a frown of regret. "How's Hans?"

"Doing well," Ritter replied. "What can I do for you?"

"I need to find Mr. Black," Dumbledore said bluntly.

"You don't find Mr. Black," Ritter replied. "He finds you . . . why do you need him?"

"I believe that he's the only one that can help me find Harry Potter," Dumbledore explained. "And I was hoping to find him to enlist his help."

"I see . . . why is Harry Potter missing?"

"It is all my fault," Dumbledore admitted. "I put too much faith in a prophecy. I . . . I ruined the boy's life and excused it all as being necessary to serve the greater good."

"Why do you wish to find Harry Potter?" Hans demanded.

"To apologize," Dumbledore replied. "To beg him to at least see his friends if he does not wish to see me, to assure myself that he is alright and happy where he is."

"I see," Ritter said slowly. "Here is what I know about Mr. Black. He is very old, he is very dangerous, he has a very odd sense of humor, and he hates blood purists very much."

"That's all?" Dumbledore asked in shock.

"That's all," Ritter confirmed. "If you wish, I'll let you go over the reports of the 'Black Massacre,' perhaps you'll be able to get some insight that eluded us."

"Thank you," Dumbledore said slowly. "You have been a great help."

"What are friends for Albus?"

IIIIIIII

"So it's agreed," the shadowy man looked around the table. "The only possible threat to our plan is from Mr. Black . . . Mr. Black has to die."

"Is that even possible?" One of the other men asked, "I heard that he couldn't be killed."

"Superstition," another snorted. "And even if he is an immortal, he can still be distracted."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I propose that we provide a distraction," the shadowy man offered. "We send a team to Black island to cause a bit of trouble. Even if they are not able to cause any real damage, the damage to Black's reputation will be immense. He'll have to contend with that and he'll be busy fixing his wards, leaving the way free for us to strike."

"And how do you intend to get a team onto the island?"

"No ship is unsinkable and no fortress is impossible to take," the shadowy man replied. "The wards around his island are good, but they cannot be perfect. There is a spell that when added to a portkey will seek out any holes in the ward."

"You're sure," one of the men demanded.

"I've put months of research and mountains of money into the development of this charm," the shadowy man replied. "It cannot fail."

"Remember those words," one of the others ordered.

IIIIIIII

"So what do you think this class will be about?" One of the Aurors whispered to her companion.

"Who can say," the other Auror whispered back. "I've heard that this class is going to be taught by Black himself."

"So we're going to learn some deadly spell to use on our enemies?"
The first Auror asked.

"Not likely," a man entered the conversation. "Mr. Black is much too subtle for that."

"Who're you?" One of the Aurors asked with a frown.

"Secret agent eighty six of Control," Max replied. "The last class Mr. Black taught was on how to make an omelet. Who can say what this one will be on . . ."

"Hello everyone," Harry announced himself as he entered the room. "Welcome to my class on arts and crafts."

"Arts and crafts?" One of the aurors whispered.

"Shhh," Max whispered back.

"I'm going to be teaching you how to weave baskets underwater," Harry continued, unaware of the whispered comments. "Now, the first thing you'll need to learn how to do is breath underwater . . ."

IIIIIIII

Max stumbled out of the class with an odd look on his face, for once it had seemed that Mr. Black was teaching them something useful without having to spend weeks in research to discover what it was . . . to be honest it was making him a bit paranoid. "This is secret agent eighty six calling Control, come in Control."

"What is it Max?" The chief's voice asked.

"Mr. Black taught us how to breath underwater," Max replied. "And how to weave a basket."

"I see," the Chief replied. "How hard is it to learn?"

"To breath underwater?" Max asked, "not hard at all. Would take me about five minutes to teach it."

"Come in Max," the Chief said suddenly. "It's time for you to come home."

"But Chief," Max protested. "I'm learning so much."

"Good," the Chief replied. "Because I have an assignment for you, I'll give you the details when you come in."

"Yes Chief."

|||||||

"What happened?" One of the men demanded. "I thought you said your charm would work?"

"My charm is flawless," the shadowy man sneered. "The only explanation is that the team you gave me made a mistake."

"Or that Mr. Black's wards are perfect," another man added. "What happened?"

"Everything went well until the team reached the limit's of Black's wards," the shadowy man explained. "Then they stopped."

"What?"

"They stopped," the shadowy man repeated. "They stopped and the team dropped into the water and drowned."

"More likely they froze to death," another man spoke suddenly. "As cold as the water is."

"We thought of that," the shadowy man spat. "Each of them had warming charms to contend with the harsh conditions."

"That explains a few things," another man said with a grin. "You'll never guess what Mr. Black taught today."

"Get on with it," the shadowy man demanded.

"How to breath underwater," the man said with a grin.

"He's toying with us," the shadowy man hissed.

"That or he only knows that someone tried something and is directing his taunt to his unknown foes," the man said with a shrug. "The fact that we are still alive indicates the latter to me. I think that you're going to have to modify your plan a bit."

"What do you suggest?" The shadowy man asked wearily.

"Just a few small modifications to your plan," the man said with a modest shrug. "I say we watch the wards till they open and send in a team."

"Fine," the shadowy man agreed.

"I'd also like to propose that we change targets," the man said with a cold smile. "Instead of random damage we target Black's friends, the death of even one of them would weaken him considerably."

"I like it," the shadowy man said with a grin. "When your opponent is too strong you go around him to target one of his weaknesses, one of his family."

Disclaimer: Do NOT Drink Mr. Black's Black Cola, or YOU WILL DIE.

Henchgirl's Yummy Softdrinks

"I think it's time to move on," Harry said with a sigh. "Not that it hasn't been fun

"What are your plans?" Henchgirl asked with a frown.

"Canada," Harry replied. "I'm going to follow the advice of that shop keeper and get a few lessons from that guy with the unpronounceable name."

"Then?" Henchgirl prompted.

"Then I'm going to . . . Harry Potter is going to take his final exams," Harry continued. "After that . . . after that I don't know."

"You don't have to go to Canada to take that course," Henchgirl said with a sad smile. "We arranged for Mr. K to teach a few of them on the island."

"He's a wizard?" Harry asked in surprise.

"I don't know," Henchgirl replied. "But he did have a book of useful spells for the arboreal forest, interesting guy."

"Thanks Henchgirl," Harry said. "Could you point me the way to his class?"

"I'll do one better," Henchgirl spoke quickly. "I'll take it with you."

"Oh?"

"Never know when it might be useful to know how to survive in the Canadian forest," Henchgirl continued. "Let's go."

"Ok," Harry agreed. "It'll be fun."

IIIIIIII

"Well," Luna began. "That was fun."

"It was certainly interesting," Hermione ventured. "I know that I've certainly never seen a hot spring explode like that."

"That's what happens when you trap Crumbats in a spring," Luna explained. "They get all agitated and produce hot water."

"That doesn't . . ." Hermione froze, she couldn't believe she was encouraging Luna to keep talking.

"Then the explode," Luna finished. "Everyone knows that."

"So it wasn't a build up of pressure coupled with old pipes?" Hermione said with a smirk.

"That's just what they want you to think," Luna agreed. "On the plus side, I got a lead on where Harry might be."

"Where," Hermione demanded.

"One of my father's contacts told me that there's an information merchant near here," Luna said. "He might be able to tell us something."

"Let's go," Hermione all but screamed.

"There's just one problem," Luna whispered.

"What?" Hermione hissed.

"Well . . ."

"Tell me"

"He might try to kill us," Luna admitted. "Or Harry if he can find him, father's contact thinks that he might be a dark wizard."

"We can take care of ourselves," Hermione snapped. "Now come on, the sooner we get there, the sooner we can hurt Harry for worrying us like that."

"Ok," Luna agreed.

The two girls wandered around town for several hours until Hermione couldn't take it anymore, "when are we going to get there?"

"When are we going to get where?" Luna asked innocently.

"What?" Hermione asked flatly.

"What what?" Luna replied.

"Where have we been going," Hermione spoke slowly, as if to a child.

"I don't know," Luna blinked. "I've been following you, where are we going Hermione?"

"How should I know," Hermione said, forcing herself to calm. "You're the one who knows where the information merchant is."

"That's right," Luna agreed.

"So where are we going?"

"I don't know," Luna said. "I thought we already established that."

"I meant, where is the information merchant." Hermione said with false calm.

"Over by that group of Aurors," Luna said. "Although I don't think they call them Aurors here . . . do you know what they call them Hermione?"

"What group of Aurors?" Hermione looked around for several seconds before she placed them. "Let's go."

"Ok," Luna agreed.

Hermione marched up to the woman that seemed to be directing things and looked her straight in the eye.

"Can I help you?" The woman asked in accented English.

"I have business with the man on the ground," Hermione replied.

"What kind of business?" The woman asked, eyes narrowing.

"I think he might be able to help me find a friend of mine," Hermione replied. "When can I talk to him."

"Never," the woman said with a grin. "Bastard died of a massive triple heart attack."

"A what?" Hermione asked dumbly.

"You heard me," the woman replied. "Now why don't you tell me who you are."

"I'm Ms. White," Luna spoke up. "And she's Mrs. Pinkish-Blue."

"Pinkish-Blue?" Hermione echoed.

"I think I've heard of you," the woman turned to Luna. "You wouldn't happen to be a reporter for the Quibbler would you?"

"Yes I am," Luna agreed. "But I'm going to say I'm not, I'm undercover don't you know."

"I . . . see," the woman said slowly. "So tell me, have you ever met Mr. Black?"

"Oh yes," Luna said quickly. "We both have, he taught us many interesting things."

"Like what?" The woman demanded.

"Like how to give someone a triple heart attack," Luna replied. "Isn't that how you said the information broker died?"

"Yes it is," the woman said thoughtfully. "Glad Black finally got around to this one."

"What'd he do?" Luna asked.

"He's been selling young witches," the woman replied.

"Selling young witches?" Hermione reentered the conversation.

"Brothels and spell components," the woman explained. "Nasty bit of work, with him dead and the records we've found I think we'll be able to end the trade."

"And if you don't," Luna said with a grin. "I'm sure Mr. Black will kill them all, thank you for your time."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed in a daze.

"Well," Luna remarked as they walked off. "It looks like we need to be more careful."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed numbly. "More careful . . . maybe we should wait till Tonks and Remus arrive before we do any more looking."

"Oh pish tosh applesauce," Luna snorted. "We don't have to do that, but if it makes you feel better we could go to a safer location for a little while."

"Where," Hermione demanded.

"Holland," Luna replied. "It is the place that Mr. Black first appeared."

"I guess," Hermione agreed slowly. "Lets go."

"Yay," Luna cheered.

IIIIIIII

"Hey Harry," Henggirl said in delight. "Let me show you something."

"Make it quick," Harry said with a forced grin. "I'm going to Canada later today and I'd like to arrive while there's still a bit of light."

"Ok," Henggirl agreed in a subdued tone. "Remember when I mentioned that I wanted to make my own drink company?"

"I think so," Harry said with a nod.

"Well I did it," Henggirl said proudly. A wave of her arm conjured several glass bottles with colorful labels, "take a look, take a drink, and tell me what you think."

"Henggirl's Yummy Citrus Soda," Harry read the first label. "Henggirl's Yummy Cola, Henggirl's Yummy Orange Drink, Henggirl's Yummy Potassium Flavored Soda?" Harry said the last one with a raised eyebrow.

"That one's my favorite," Henggirl said with a grin.

"Do any of these have a name that doesn't start with 'Henggirl's Yummy?'" Harry asked with a smirk.

"That one," Henggirl said, pointing to a black bottle with a skull and crossbones on the label.

"Mr. Black's Black Cola," Harry read aloud. "Warning, if you drink this you will die a horrifically painful death. Really, we mean it, only Mr. Black can drink this and not die. If you drink this, then it will take a few weeks to die in horrifically horrible agony . . . you can legally sell this?"

"It comes with one of these," Henggirl handed a smaller white bottle over.

"Henggirl's Yummy antidote," Harry read. "When mixed with Mr. Black's Black Cola it makes it taste yummy . . . and you won't die."

"Yup," Henchgirl agreed. "Neat huh?"

"Uh . . . riiiiight," Harry decided not to say what he was thinking. "I'd better be off then."

"Talk to the Professor before you go," Henchgirl commanded. "He's got something he'd like to show you."

"Ok," Harry agreed. "I'll go there now then."

"Good," Henchgirl said firmly. "See you soon."

Harry walked out of Henchgirl's laboratory and down the hall to the Professor's workshop. Walking through the open door, Harry called out a greeting. "Hey Professor, Henchgirl said she had something to show me."

"Yes I do," the Professor agreed. "It is a new spell."

"Oh? What does it do?"

"It's based on the same principles behind the vanishing cabinet," the Professor explained. But instead of having two connecting cabinets, we will have two connecting closets, or halls, or . . . well, the list goes on."

"Explain," Harry commanded.

"Let us say that we wished to connect one of the tunnels beneath the keep to one of the Gringotts tunnels," the Professor began. "With this charm, we could. Let's say that you wished to connect your closet to the closet of a little child so that you could jump out at night and scare the hell out of them, with this charm you could. Let us say that . . ."

"I get it," Harry interrupted. "Sounds very useful."

"And I'd like you to test it," the Professor said nervously. "By connecting . . . say a tunnel under your new cabin in Canada to a

tunnel under the keep, it would have the added and unforeseen advantage of allowing you to visit easily."

"Henchgirl and the Doctor forced you to do this didn't they," Harry said with a grin.

"They most certainly did not," the Professor replied.

"Be honest," Harry said with a grin.

"Henchgirl and the Doctor threatened to do terrible things to me if I didn't invent something like this," the Professor began with a barely concealed shudder. "Terrible things."

"So . . ."

"But they didn't force me to do anything," the Professor finished.

"Pretty fine distinction," Harry replied. "But I suppose I that I can see it. How do you know there's going to be a tunnel under my cabin? Or am I expected to dig one."

"Old mine shafts," the Professor explained. "The area had a major gold rush almost a hundred years ago, your cabin and the mine shafts under it are remnants of the time. The Architect has looked over both and declared them fit for goblin habitation."

"Thanks," Harry spoke slowly. "Thank you."

"What are friends for," the Professor said with a modest shrug. "Take this button, it's a portkey that will drop you off in the nearest town."

"Goodbye," Harry said as the portkey dragged him off.

AN: Thanks go to Nonjon, the use of vanishing cabinets in one of his stories gave me the idea.

Disclaimer: Canada has an atmosphere of burning sulfur and no gravity . . . really.

Oh Canada

"Madame Bones," a breathless Auror rushed into the woman's office. "I have some troubling news."

"What is it?" Bones demanded.

"This," the man said, thrusting a small piece of paper into her hands.

"First annual Death Eater meeting and Reunion?" The Minister's eyes shot up in surprise, "come meet with your old friends, talk about old times, plot the evil plot, and drink a lot of whiskey? Is this a joke?"

"I don't think so," the lacky said quickly. "What should we do?"

"Round up a group of Aurors," Bones said grimly. "We're going to stop this before it begins."

"Right," the flunky agreed.

Bones assembled her team and burst into the room holding the death eater meeting. It was easy to find, what with the sign on the door. Amelia's eyes widened in horror as she realized just how badly outnumbered her team was.

"The striper's here," one of the drunken death eaters pulled Amelia into his arms. "She's a hot one, dressed as an Auror too."

"Sexy," another death eater agreed. "And she brought friends, take off your clothes."

"You're all under arrest," Bones said nervously.

"Woo hoo," one of the death eaters screamed enthusiastically. "Arrest me baby, I won't talk unless you play good cop . . . along with her, she's hot as hell."

"Arrest me next," another death eater demanded.

"Settle down," what appeared to be the head death eater called. "There will be plenty of time for that later, first let's all take off these stupid masks to show who we really are."

"Right on," another death eater said loudly. "Can't wait to see how ugly you really are without that stupid disguise."

"My disguise isn't stupid," the head death eater said with a hurt tone of voice. "Now UNMASK."

Bones watched in horror as the masks came off, half the crowd was composed of men and women that she knew to be unspeakables, Hitwizards, and Aurors.

IIIIIIII

"So what'd you do?" Grivner demanded.

"I managed to use my years of training to get out of there alive," Bones replied coldly. "Now about that purge we need to conduct? I was thinking that the two of us should contact Black and ask for his help on this."

"Wonderful idea," the head unspeakable agreed. "I'd just like to get one thing out of the way first."

"What's that?" Bones tensed.

"This," Grivner tossed a large bag of coins on the table. "The men said your dance was quite memorable."

"What?" Bones stared at the bag of coins in shock.

"They want to book you for next year's reunion," the man said with undisguised glee. "They promised to give me several photos showing your . . . performance."

"Hurple"

"They demanded I bring you this when they found out I knew you," the unspeakable said through bouts of laughter. "They said you must have left it behind by mistake, even added a large tip."

"Murph"

"You tried to raid a reunion of the spies that infiltrated the dark lord's forces, men and women who spent years undercover."

"I did WHAT?" Bone's eyes bugged out.

"And then you showed them your knockers." Grivner pulled out a photo and spent several seconds staring at it with admiration. "Nice ones too."

"If you tell anyone I'll kill you," Bones whispered.

"They're still trying to figure out how you managed to get Madame Bone's hair for the Polyjuice potion."

"Kill you slow," Bones hissed.

"So I guess the only thing left to say is, you busy this Friday?"

IIIIIIII

The Portkey dropped Harry off in a small train station. Raising his eyebrows a bit at the steam locomotive, Harry walked to the ticket window and purchased a ticket to the nearest station from his cabin.

"May I ask you something before I get on the train?"

"What is it?" The man in the booth asked calmly.

"Why do you still use a steam locomotive?" Harry asked, "why not switch like everyone else?"

"Look around," the man said with a wave of his hand. "Do you see acres and acres of Diesel?"

"No"

"Trees are cheap around here and they'll run the engine," the man explained. "And a bit of magic will make it run clean."

"Right," Harry agreed with a forced smile.

"Sides," the man continued. "It'd be a shame to junk it, still works just fine."

"I'm sure it does," Harry said with a nod. "Thank you for your time."

"Happy to help."

IIIIIIII

"So you've actually met Mr. Black?" Hermione asked with a smile.

"I have," the customs agent agreed. "Even saw his first name."

"What is it?" Luna demanded. "Was it Harland? Or maybe Fred?"

"No it started with a P," the man said absently. "Paddy? Pat? Prometheus, I think it was Prometheus."

"Thank you very much," Hermione said evenly, her face pale.

"No problem," the man said with a smile. "Happy to be of service, now what was the purpose of your visit again?"

"We're looking for a friend," Luna replied. "And Hermione wants to see the Red Light District."

"Alright," the man stamped their passports. "On you go then. Next."

"Hermione," Luna asked as they walked off. "Is something the matter?"

"Every thing's fine Luna," Hermione said automatically. "Why would you think otherwise."

"Because you nodded dumbly when I suggested that you were going to visit the Red Light district," Luna replied. "And I was wondering about your lack of reaction . . . or your plans to visit the district, if you're going then why didn't you tell me about it? I'm sure that there are several places that we could go together, I've always wanted to go you understand. But Father always forbid me from going . . . and he's a much better dueler then I am so I haven't managed to stun him and go myself yet."

"Hwah," Hermione's eyes bugged. "I'm not planning to go to the . . . it's about Mr. Black's first name."

"Pity," Luna said with a sigh. "What was that about Mr. Black's first name?"

"It's the name of the man that is said to have given several bits of technology to humanity including fire which he stole from the gods," Hermione lectured. "Though in some magical versions, he steals magic and gives it to a chosen few . . . pureblood tripe if you ask me."

"I see," Luna nodded. "What do you think?"

"I don't know," Hermione replied. "If I remember right, the story states that as punishment, Prometheus was chained to a mountain where an eagle would try to eat his liver every day and that he would heal every night. It conflicts with a lot of other things we've heard about Mr. Black so I just don't know."

"Legends often contain different or conflicting versions of the same truth," Luna replied. "Take the stories about the fae stealing a child and replacing it with a changeling." Luna said with a huff.

"What about the stories?" Hermione asked.

"What stories?" Luna asked innocently, "are you feeling sick Hermione?"

"I'm feeling just fine Luna," Hermione replied. "Let's go get something to eat."

"Ok"

|||||||

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Henghgirl asked. "I don't like the idea of lowering the wards."

"It's only for a few minutes," the Professor replied. "And it really is something that needs to be done."

"I know," Henghgirl replied. "We never expected so many people to be using the castle."

"And our septic system is being overloaded," the Professor said quickly. "So we have no choice but to bring this new system online, think of it Henghgirl . . . it may be a small thing, but we could be doing a great service to humanity."

"By building a better way to dispose of our . . . waste?" Henghgirl asked incredulously.

"No Henghgirl," the Professor said quickly. "By insuring that we won't be disturbed by any unpleasant smells."

"And how does that serve humanity?" Henghgirl asked suspiciously.

"Because it will allow us to better focus on our inventions," the Professor explained. "Any one of which could someday save the planet."

"Even your steam powered curling iron?" Henghgirl asked sarcastically.

"Yes," the Professor agreed. "Even that."

"Oh . . . ok," Henghgirl said with a slow nod. "When you put it like that, it makes me ashamed to wish to stand in your way."

"I know it does Henggirl," the Professor said pompously. "But you'll just have to hope that you manage to forgive yourself someday."

"I still don't like lowering the wards though," Henggirl said sharply.

"Very well," the Professor said wearily. "The only place we really need to lower the wards is around the overflow tank, it will be difficult but I suppose we could confine it to that spot."

"Good," Henggirl said with a grin. "Let's do it."

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Elsewhere, a strike team that had been waiting in readiness to strike Black Island got the signal to move. Conveniently enough, the signal was the activation of the portkeys that they'd all been wearing.

"Where are we?" One of the men in the team cast a quick charm to provide a bit of light. "Looks like we're in some sort of stone room."

"A holding cell," the leader spat. "We've fallen into another of Black's traps."

"What's that smell?" Another asked nervously. It was at that moment that the overflow tank began to fill. On the plus side, everyone of the men had managed to acquire through various means the ability to breathe underwater and had the strength to keep it up for several days. On the minus side, everyone of the men had managed to acquire through various means the ability to breathe underwater and had the strength to keep it up for several days. Somethings can be both bad and good . . . thought, if you were to ask them, most of the men in the strike force would put this firmly in the bad category.

|||||||

"Are you sure this is a good idea sir?"

"Of course it is," Grivner agreed. "And it's funny too, so what's the problem."

"The problem is that she'll kill us both if she finds out who's responsible for this," the flunky replied nervously.

"She'll never figure out who did it," Grivner waved off his flunky's concerns. "So stop worrying."

"If you say so sir," the man agreed reluctantly. "Ok, I've put the flowers on her desk now what?"

"Now we sign the card Mr. Black and get the hell out of here before she kills us both," Grivner replied. "Let's get moving."

The two unspeakables carefully made their way back to the Department of Mysteries and waited with bated breath until an outraged scream notified them that Bones had found their little gift. "Excellent work sir," the flunky said quickly.

"It was wasn't it?" Grivner said with a smile, "too bad you won't remember it."

"Sir?"

"I may enjoy tormenting her, but Amelia is my friend." Grivner explained, "everything will be fine so long as no one suspects that it wasn't a polyjuiced stripper at that party . . . Obliviate"

IIIIIIII

"Well?" One of the shadowed men demanded.

"We've managed to insert a team into Black's island," one of the other men replied.

"What's their progress? What have they done? Do you have any information?" The man demanded.

"They went in and disappeared," the man replied. "We just know that their portkeys must have sensed a break in the wards, we don't know anything else."

"This is troubling," one of the men said slowly.

"It means nothing," another spoke up. "We were all aware that none of these men were likely to survive, so they died quicker than we'd thought they would, so what?"

"But what if they were taken prisoner?"

"They don't know anything," the man replied. "Who cares if they talk. Let's move on."

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"Thank you for seeing me," Albus said with a weak smile. "I only wish that it were under better circumstances."

"As do I Albus," the man at the other side of the table replied. "I can only tell you a bit about Mr. Black, nothing I suspect that you haven't heard before."

"Anything would be helpful," Dumbledore said quickly.

"He spotted every tail we put on him," the man said slowly. "Pointed out every mistake we made, and left when we annoyed him too much."

"What did you do?" Dumbledore prompted.

"We tried to search his rooms," the man replied. "Partially to see if he'd have noticed."

"I see." Dumbledore paused to organise his thoughts, "do you have any information on how I might be able to contact him?"

"No," the man replied. "I know that he's taught a few classes on that island of his, other than that." The man shrugged.

"Thank you," Albus stood. "And you promise . . ."

"That I will contact you or your Deputy if I hear so much as a rumor about Harry Potter," the man interrupted. "Calm yourself Albus, he will be found."

"I hope so," Dumbledore said slowly. "Because if he isn't, then I shall never be able to forgive myself."

AN: It's been a few months since the last time I've been to Canada and I decided to skip my normal commentary on places to go because I couldn't fit it into the story. Let's see, there is a Steam Clock in Victoria BC and a rebuilt wooden fort not far from Victoria. Um . . . don't believe the flight crew if they tell you that the ice cream is made out of moose milk at Gander airport, it's not. They're telling the truth if they mention that the queen has been there, there's even plack commemorating the occasion. Uh . . . guess it doesn't matter, Harry'll be spending most of his time in the middle of nowhere . . . scratch that, all of his time in the middle of nowhere so I guess it doesn't matter. The train is based on a real train I saw in Canada, though not one in active service.

Omake: by maxx7652

Black Island:

Henchgirl was not having a good day, in fact this was one of the worst days she's had in a long time. At first, she thought that the presence of the Veela on the island would not be a problem. In fact, she found it quite amusing to watch the males on the island make fools of themselves. Well... almost all the males, the Professor seemed to be immune but she couldn't really tell since he was so engrossed in his latest project.

But, after five ruined experiments and the second emergency trip to see the Doctor of the day, Henchgirl was quickly reaching her limit.

Having resorted to drastic measures, Henchgirl barricaded herself inside laboratory, wielding steel plates over the windows and pushing her largest cabinet against the door.

"There," Henchgirl muttered, satisfied at finally sealing herself off

from the rest of the castle. "No more interruptions from impatient Veela or any more 'accidents' caused by drooling idiots who can't watch where they're going. There's no way anyone will be able to bother me now."

After more than two hours of wonderful uninterrupted peace and quiet, Henchgirl was close to yet another brilliant breakthrough. "Now all I have to do is very carefully add this last bit and -"

BOOM "WE FOUND YOU MR. BLACK!" the hopeful Veela yelled after using one of the Professor's inventions to incinerate the door, as well as the cabinet and a good bit of the wall.

"NOOOOOO!" a voice cried from the center of a newly formed bright blue dust cloud.

"Um, Mr. Black?" asked a now uncertain voice.

"No! I'm not Mr. Black," Henchgirl yelled. "How many times do I have to tell you that HE'S NOT HERE! And why are you snickering like that?"

"Well, you seem to be a little blue," one of the Veela managed to say with a somewhat straight face as she looked for a mirror to hand to the irate potion mistress.

"What, of course I'm blue you just made me ruin another-"

The resounding screech and yells could be heard through most of the castle and many wondered if the human body was capable of such feats.

The years of Auror training lead say-my-first-name-at-your-own-risk Tonks to rush toward the source of the explosion. However, instead of finding an accident scene, Tonks was nearly run over by several fleeing followers closely behind by a very irate, very blue Henchgirl. "Yep, it's never dull around here. But that would be a great color for me though."

Fortunately for the Veela they managed to evade Henchgirl long enough for them to ask a few gentlemen to help them out. Soon afterwards, the victims, er men, learned never to get in the way of pissed off blue woman. One poor bastard who made "Smurfette" comment wouldn't wake up for another couple of weeks.

Henchgirl now found herself a guest of the Doctor AGAIN. "We have got to find a way to get rid of those, those-"

"Hey, no need to convince me. I've been so busy treating Veela-charm related injuries that I've barely been able to do any kind of research. Hell, less than an hour ago, I had to stop one from going into the nundu's chamber." At a slightly lower voice, "in hindsight, I'm beginning to question that decision."

"It's strange, I heard about how Veela can cause disruptions, but I don't ever remember hearing about Veela being this bad before."

"That's because they aren't normally. Since they are looking forward to finding Mr. Black so much, their charm is on overdrive."

"Well, can't you give them something to stop it?" Henchgirl whined.

"What do you think I been trying to research? No one will leave me alone long enough to do it." The Doctor sighed, "At this point, I'm definitely willing to consider alternatives, but I can't think of anything else that would work short of them finding Mr. Black." At this Henchgirl got a speculative look on her face. "I know that look, what are you planning?"

"Well, I do kinda have one idea," Henchgirl admitted.

"Don't just sit there, tell me!" the Doctor demanded. "I've had to deal with them just as much as you have!"

"It's just that lately Mr. Black has seemed a little tense and those

Veela really seem to enjoy his company and he's never said that he wouldn't want to see them again. Although we can't tell them where he is, technically it wouldn't be our fault if they somehow found him."

At this, the Doctor got hopeful, but then quickly deflated, "But how can they find him if we don't tell them anything?"

"That's where the Professor comes in," Henggirl happily replied. "He's holed up in his workshop working on a way to connect tunnels like vanishing cabinets. And when he figures out how-

"We convince him to set up another tunnel right to Mr. Black and accidentally let those menaces discover it," the Doctor smirked, "now the question is how to get him to set it up."

"Leave that to me!" Henggirl yelled back as she ran out to find the Professor.

The Doctor just sat down on the table, folded her hands in her lap, looked at her watched and waited for the door to open again.

About 30 seconds later, a more subdued but still very blue, Henggirl walked back in. "Umm, about that antidote?"

"Here, you go," the Doctor replied. "I've also got a way to help with the Professor, just tell me when you go to see him."

Now back to normal, Henggirl vacated the Doctor's office just in time to see the Doctor receive yet another more slightly injured idiot with a dazed expression that she was really beginning to get tired of. Walking into the Professor's workshop with a more than slightly evil expression on her face that she quickly covered. "Hey, Professor! Have you finished with that Grignotts project yet?" Henggirl asked as sweet as can be.

"Oh yes, we just finished setting the tunnel up a little while ago without any problems. Now I can-"

"That's great," the plotting woman interrupted. "Why don't you set up another tunnel for Mr. Black's cabin?"

"The zeppelin and port keys work fine, why would you set up something like that?" The Professor questioned. "This wouldn't have anything to do with those Veela that are bugging everyone?"

Normally, Henchgirl would take the time to outwit him, but she'd already had to deal with way too much today. Well, drastic times and that. She no longer bothered to hide that evil look that told the Professor "You're going to do what I want right now or else." As the now more than slightly frightened Professor was backed into the wall, Henchgirl proceeded to convince him. "You know, you've had it easy so far. I wonder what would happen if those Veela found out that YOU knew exactly how they could find Mr. Black." Then the evil look got even worse. "Or maybe that one of your inventions was the key to reaching him?"

The Professor now wore a look of horror "But, that- you-

Anything he could have said was interrupted by the Doctor. "Hello, Professor. I've been looking for you. Henchgirl reminded me how long it's been since you've been checked out. You're overdue for a Complete Physical." She then adopted a look similar to Henchgirl's. "Unfortunately, after so many injuries being caused lately, I have to save my strength for healing more injuries which means that this will have to be the non-magic version," the Doctor finished with an evil grin.

Quickly realizing the many ways these two were going to make him suffer, the Professor did what any self-respecting man would do when faced with two angry conspiring women - he gave in and pleaded for mercy. "Okay! Okay! I'll set it up just please don't hurt me!"

"Great! We'll just leave you to it then." Henchgirl and the Doctor walked out smiling. The Professor could have sworn he heard one whisper something like "fun" and "too easy."

Nobody was sure how Mr. Black managed to avoid the Veela on his next trip to the castle but with Mr. Black you could never be sure. The Doctor was just glad that he was able to avoid Henchgirl's and the Doctor's wrath by convincing Mr. Black let him set the tunnel to his cabin.

"I just hope that he doesn't get too mad at us for this," the Professor stated to the two women.

Henchgirl just smiled and said "What do you mean 'us'? YOU'RE the one who set everything up and convinced him to set it up, not us."

"But, but" the Professor sputtered. "Evil women!"

Neither one of the women seemed all too put out at this remark, in fact they seemed more smug then anything else.

After a few moments, the Professor seemed to realize something. "Well, it's a good thing that he already knew that you put me up to it then."

"What?"

"What?"

Harry was really enjoying his cabin in Canada. It was full of peace and quite and most importantly, no crazy adventures or odd occurrences. "Now THIS is a vacation. Peace, quiet, this is the life. Nothing could mess this up." Harry said just before he turned in for the night.

In retrospect, that was probably the wrong thing to say. Harry realized this when he woke up tied up and not being able to move, despite all of his enhanced strength. "What the..." was all Harry was able to say before he realized that he had company in the form of a group of familiar Veela.

"ello, 'arry. We've been looking for 'ou."

END OMAKE

Disclaimer: Get competent instruction on the use of the Axe before use . . . or get an enchanted one that has safety charms installed by a competent enchanter.

I'm a Lumberjack and That's OK

Harry got off the train and walked to the nearest bar to enjoy his first taste of Canada.

"Beer"

The bartender jumped as the strange man in the corner made himself known. "Sorry I didn't notice you before, I'll get your beer right away."

"No problem," Harry nodded. "I'm good at going unnoticed."

"Here you are sir," the bartender set a bottle in front of Harry. "No charge for the first one, and sorry again for not noticing you."

"Don't worry about it," Harry said with a smile. Harry dropped a large tip on the bar and nursed his beer for several minutes until a scruffy looking man burst into the room.

"No one move," the thug waved his pistol around. "Give me everything in the cash register."

"Alright son," the bartender said trying to keep everyone calm. "No one has to get hurt."

"Don't talk back to me," the thug screamed shattering the bar mirror with a badly placed shot. "I'm the one with the gun, and that means that I'm the one with the power . . ." The man's tirade cut off abruptly as an empty beer bottle hit him in the side of the head.

"All I wanted was some peace and quiet," Harry lamented as he lowered his arm. "But noooo, something always has to happen. Why can't I have just one week without something like this happening? Just one bloody week."

Harry calmly approached the dazed punk who had regained enough of his senses to start yelling threats, "I'm gonna gut you. You're dead, you hear me dead."

"Yes," Harry agreed kicking the man in the head. "I am."

Taking one last look around the bar, Harry sighed. Experience had taught him that when things like this happened it was time to move on.

"Wait," the bartender called. "Who are you stranger?"

Harry paused and muttered something right before he stepped out the bar's bat wing doors and disappeared into the night.

"What did he say?" The bartender asked his paling customers. "For god's sake, tell me what he said."

"Mr. Black," one of the customers managed to calm enough to speak. "He said that his name was Mr. Black."

"My god," the bartender's eyes widened in shock. "My god."

Harry was still grumbling as he walked out of the bar and up the town's one street, ". . . and then I'll find whoever thought it was funny to make me Fate's bitch and show them what it feels like." Harry pulled out his 'broomstick' and pointed the tip north, he still had a lot of ground to cover before he got to his cabin.

Elsewhere, the preservation charms on a jar of mayonnaise failed. But that doesn't have any bearing on this story . . . at least, not yet.

IIIIIIIIII

Back on Black Island, the Professor and Henchgirl were trying to figure out a way to modify the wards to keep Australians away. Bastards were always bringing their boats right up to the edge, said it was a good place to party.

"Professor," Henchgirl called out. "Take a look at these readings."

"Hmmm," the Professor squinted at the printout. "It appears that something came in when we dropped the wards the other day . . . shall we investigate?"

"It's the responsible thing to do," Hengchgirl mused. "Let's go."

"The Professor and Hengchgirl skipped happily down the hall until they reached the new sewage overflow tank. "Activate the drainage and automatic cleaning functions," the Professor commanded.

"Rodger," Hengchgirl gave a sloppy salute. The two insane scientists waited until the charms had done their jobs before opening the tanks to find a severely traumatised team of assassins.

"Oh my," the Professor looked down in disgust. "Would any of you chaps care to get out of there? Or do you wish to continue your . . . recreational activities?"

"We'll tell you anything, we'll do anything." one of the Assassins sobbed. "Just get us out of here."

"Right," the Professor nodded. "Drop your wands and any magical items and tell me when you are done."

A small pile of deadly devices formed in the corner as the assassins divested themselves of the tools of their trade. "Well?"

"Is that all?" Hengchgirl demanded. In response, several of the assassins grinned sheepishly and added another layer to the pile.

"One moment," The Professor replied as he pulled a long string of twine out of his pocket. "Take hold of this," he commanded as he tossed the twine into the pit. "It will activate after you have all taken hold."

The men took hold of the twine and disappeared. "Well," the Professor began. "I guess you were right about not dropping the wards."

"Of course," Hengchgirl said smugly. "I'm always right."

"How dare you assert such a thing," the Professor screamed in rage.
"Take that back Wench."

"Make me you dirty little Gnome," Henchgirl retorted.

IIIIIIIIII

"We're glad you could make it Remus, Tonks." Hermione said politely.
"We thought it would be best to have you guys backing us up when we met the Count."

"We are happy to lend our aid," Remus said with a smile. "Especially in matters this delicate."

"And we're happy to have you Remus," Hermione said. "But why . . ."

"Why what?" Tonks asked.

"Why is Remus wearing a red riding hood?" Luna asked innocently,
"I'll grant that it makes him look adorable but it doesn't really seem practical for this sort of activity."

"We were . . ." An extremely red Remus studded.

"Playing little red riding hood," Tonks finished. "I was the big bad wolf and I just gobbled him up."

"We'll explain when you're older," Remus hastened to add.

"Can I play too?" Luna asked hopefully.

"NO," Remus shouted. "Now let's talk about something else."

"Darn," Luna said in disappointment, "I never get to play."

And so, an Embarrassed Remus, an amused Tonks, a confused Hermione, and a sulking Luna approached the Count's castle.

"Do you think we should knock?" Tonks asked. As if in answer to her question, the doors swung open to reveal a man dressed in fine silks.

"May I help you?" The man asked with a smirk. "Perhaps have you all for . . . to dinner."

"We're here to ask about Mr. Black," Hermione said with false confidence.

"Are you friends of his?" The man asked.

"Students," Luna replied. "At least me and Hermione are, we wanted to talk to him about Harry Potter."

"I see," the Count's smirk disappeared. "I'm afraid I can't help you, Mr. Black hasn't been here for some time."

"Thank you for your time," Hermione said in disappointment.

"There's still that lead in Germany," Luna said with false cheer.

"That I can help you with," the count interjected. "For a price."

"What Price?" Remus asked wearily.

"When you see Mr. Black," the Count began. "Ask him to visit his old friend the Count."

"Done," Hermione shouted. "How can you help us?"

"Here," the Vampire handed over a large bronze key. "It will take you to Berlin when you say the name of the country that you would like to go to."

"Thank you," Hermione took the key and held it out so everybody could touch it. "Germany."

IIIIIIIIII

"So how did you guys end up in our sewage overflow tank?" The Doctor asked with a barely concealed smirk.

"We were sent here to kill you, Henchgirl, and the Professor." One of the Assassins replied nervously.

"That explains it," the Doctor said with a nod. "That sort of attitude has been known to annoy Mr. Black. Don't annoy him, you wouldn't like him when he's annoyed."

"Oh . . . is there anything to do to make him not want to drown us in raw sewage?"

"Don't worry about it," the Doctor said, waiving off the man's concerns.

"What do you mean don't worry about it?" One of the assassins screamed.

"If Henchgirl saved you then you're safe for now," the Doctor explained. "Mr. Black'll respect her wish to keep you alive unless you do something stupid."

"Would it be possible to defect?" One of the assassins asked hopefully, "and to have the past few weeks wiped from my memory?"

"I'll think about it," the Doctor replied. "But only if you're good."

IIIIIIII

Harry landed in the last outpost of civilization on the way to his cabin and walked up the small three building town's only street.

"Evening," an old man waved. "Been expecting you."

"Shopkeeper?" Harry asked with a frown.

"Owner of the General Store," the man agreed. "Come in, got a few things that might be useful to you."

"Why not," Harry sighed. "After you."

"Got a couple things here that you might find useful and a bag of things that you'll need if you're going to be spending a lot of time in the wilderness," the old man gestured to a pile on the counter.

"Why do you think I'll need them?" Harry asked, bracing himself for the worst.

"Cause everyone needs them," the old man replied. "I don't have much of the sight so I'm relying on common sense."

"That's . . . good to hear, quite refreshing really." Harry said with a smile. "What do you recommend?"

"Main thing is a good axe," the old man replied. "I picked this one out because it's got a good blade geometry and because it's got a few charms on it that'll give you a bit of skill, won't have to sharpen it either."

"Great," Harry said with a nod. "Anything else?"

"Few books on how to live in the bush," the man said with a shrug. "And a few books on Canadian Bush magic, nothing too fancy."

"I'll take 'em," Harry gathered everything up. "How much?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," the man replied. "Sorry it's so much but I've gotta make a living."

"No problem," Harry handed over the cash. "But why don't you use some sort of odd wizarding money?"

"I'd have taken gold dollars," the man said with a grin. "Or beaver pelts, but it's just easier to do it this way. I think you'll find that even the magic folk show common sense in this country, one of the charms."

"I bet," Harry replied with a shake of his head. "I'd better get going, sooner I get to my cabin the sooner I get these tests done."

"One thing before you go," the old man said, licking his lips. "You'll want some firewood and there's an old snag north of your cabin, you might want to cut it down when you get up there."

"I knew it was too good to be true," Harry muttered to himself as he walked out the door.

Another hour of flight took Harry to his place in the wood land for a few minutes, he just closed his eyes and allowed his senses to enjoy the smells of nature. Everything was new to his city bred nose, smell of pine mixed with other smells to make a symphony better than that of the finest perfumes. It took several seconds for Harry to realise what the lack of pollution was adding to everything and for a moment, he felt at peace. Then he remembered the shopkeeper's suggestion and pulled out his new axe.

Harry was half way through the tree when he was met by a man walking up the trail, "evening." Harry called out.

"Hello," the man replied. "New in these parts?"

"Yup," Harry agreed. "Planning to spend a bit of time here before moving on to someplace else, you?"

"Lived here all my life," the man replied. "Own the bar in town, come in some time and the first drink's on me."

"I might take you up on that," Harry replied with a grin. "Have a good day."

"You too," the man called out as he walked up the path.

"What a nice fellow," Harry muttered to himself. "Well, back to work."

Harry was nearly through the tree when the man from before came running down the path, screaming for him to lock himself in the cabin.

"I wonder what he's on about?" Harry said to himself, "I guess he'll explain when he gets here."

The man ran past as the tree began to fall, crushing a large hairy beast. "My god," the man stopped running. "You killed it."

"Sorry about that," Harry said with a wince. "It was an accident."

"Don't ever be sorry about killing one of those things," the man stared at the corpse. "Thank you Mister . . . what did you say your name was again?"

"Black," Harry replied.

"First name?" The man asked, going into shock.

"Mister," Harry replied. "You ok?"

"I'm fine," the man said automatically. "You mind if I take that thing?"

"It's yours," Harry replied. "Now if you'll excuse me, I've got firewood to cut."

"Of course," the man said stiffly. "Thank you again, if you ever come to my bar . . . if you ever come to my bar, drinks are on the house all night."

"Thanks for the offer," Harry called out over his shoulder. It would be several hours before he realised the name he'd given to the poor fellow. Ah well, he thought to himself. It would have been nice to be Harry Potter again for a few days but it wasn't important.

AN: Last couple chapters have been kinda linked, or something. Don't know if that makes sense, now it's off to work I go. Hi ho Hi ho Hi Ho.

Disclaimer: I don't know . . . I just don't ok.

Where's Waldo?

Harry spent the next week finishing his exams and flooing them to the Ministry of Magical Education Long Distance Branch. And for once he felt good about his scores. The section on defence posed no trouble, Potions wasn't so difficult that he wasn't sure that he attained a passing grade. Charms, Transfiguration, and a dozen electives. He had chosen to take every exam offered by the Canadian government and now he was done with them. Harry cackled madly for several minutes and then froze in shock. "Looks like I've been spending too much time around Henchgirl," he muttered to himself. "Maybe it's time for me to expand my circle of friends to include people that don't think the laws of Physics aren't . . . how did she put it, 'silly little suggestions?'"

Elsewhere, a Jar of mayonnaise continued spoiling.

IIIIIIII

Hermione sighed as she started to leave the hospital. It was no use staying here, their only lead to Mr. Black and Harry Potter had just died. "This is getting annoying."

Outside, she met up with with her companions, Remus, Tonks, and Luna. "He's dead. All he had was this letter on him."

Tonks grimaced, "You know, this happens every time we come close. It's too coincidental, I'd almost say that Mr. Black was trying to avoid us. What's in the letter?"

Luna looked at something off to the side dreamily, "Perhaps it is a message to the next location. Mr. Black always did like talking with you."

Remus shook his head as they walked off. "When did the three of you start thinking like that. Angels would kneel before your beauty. It's a coincidence, nothing more. After all, how many people have heart attacks like that? A Triple heart attack? It's pretty rare."

"Mr. Black though us how to do it." Hermione stated, causing Remus to look at her suddenly. "And it's the way the last five people we wanted to speak with died."

"Well, at least he died quickly and peacefully. He wouldn't have suffered much pain." Remus offered weakly, "and what five people are you talking about?"

"The ones we visited while you were having that time of the month," Luna replied. "And I still don't understand what the big deal about that is. The three of us suffer from something similar and none of us are as melancholy."

"Proving once again that women are stronger then men," Tonks added with a grin of triumph.

Remus decided not to comment on the Girl's insensitive and untrue statements. "So what's our next move?" But he'd be damned if he was going to allow them to continue.

"I still think that Hermione and I could do a spell to summon Harry," Luna said sullenly.

"I am not covering myself in whipped cream," Hermione began. "I am not covering you in chocolate sause, I am not putting a cherry on top, and Tonks is not going to clean it up . . . especially not in the crude manner that you suggested."

"I still think it'd work," Luna pressed the matter. "Especially if we warded the room so that the only male that could join us would be Harry Potter."

"I'd summon me," Remus muttered.

"What was that?" Tonks asked with a leer.

"I said it wouldn't work," Remus replied. "Harry doesn't know how to transport himself magically."

"I still say it's worth a try," Luna interjected.

While the foursome was walking away, a old gossip heard a bit of the conversation clearly and guessed the rest. The three women were the Angels of Death, by Mr. Black, Death himself, to bring peace to those in torment, or lead the souls of the good to heaven. Mr. Black was looking out for all of them, even in death.

|||||||

"You sure about this Sergeant Cooper?"

"Sure as I can be sir," the Mountie agreed. "They say that he's the best and we're going to need the best on this job."

"I still don't like bringing in a civilian," the other man growled. "It doesn't seem right."

"Plenty of precedent sir," Cooper said quickly. "And there's also the fact that he isn't exactly a civilian."

"Right," the other man agreed reluctantly. "He isn't . . . do whatever you have to do Sergeant Cooper."

|||||||

"I still say . . ." Hermione's tirade was cut off by a buzzing noise coming from her pocket. "Hold on a second, I've got an incoming floo on my portable." Hermione pulled out her Zippo and flipped it open, "yes?"

"Ms. Granger?" McGonagall voice asked from the floo. "Are you there."

"I am Professor," Hermione replied.

"I've located Harry," Professor McGonagall said with barely restrained excitement.

"What?" Hermione screamed, "where is he?"

"Canada," Minerva replied quickly. "He just scored the highest Defence score ever recorded and one of the highest total scores in recorded history."

"How'd he do that?" Tonks demanded, "Harry's bright but . . ."

"He got extra credit for spells that none of the examiners had ever heard of," McGonagall explained. "The examiners needed help from several well known area specialists to grade the test."

"Forget all that," Hermione snapped. "Where is he?"

"I'm sending through a portkey," McGonagall's voice replied. "It'll take you to the navigatable town nearest to the address Harry marked on the test forms."

"Why not have it go to Harry's doorstep?" Tonks asked.

"The American and Canadian governments placed a series of wards to prevent magical invasion from the north," Luna replied. "It also makes most forms of magical transportation impossible."

"Correct," McGonagall's voice agreed. "A former student in the Canadian Transportation Ministry arranged this Portkey for me so it'll get you closer then would normally be possible. Unfortunately it will not get you out again, I'm afraid that you will have to make your own arrangements for that."

"Thank you Professor," Hermione said impatiently. "Could you send that Portkey through now . . . please?"

"It should be emerging from the flame in a few seconds Ms. Granger," McGonagall voice said dryly.

"I've got it," Hermione grabbed a small red plastic maple leaf.

"Good," McGonagall replied. "It will activate when all of you touch it."

"Is Professor Dumbledore going to join us," Luna asked.

"I don't know," McGonagall replied. "I haven't been able to reach him . . . good bye, and good luck."

Hermione cut the connection and held out the portkey, "everyone take hold." She commanded.

The Portkey deposited the small group of Harry hunters in a small drinking establishment in front of the bar.

"Can I help you folks?" The bartender asked.

"We need transportation to a small cabin twenty kilometers north of here," Remus replied.

"I can arrange that," the bartender agreed. "If you don't mind travelling by sled."

"We don't," Hermione said quickly.

"Good," the bartender said with a nod. "When would you like to go."

"In the next few minutes if possible," Remus replied.

"Wouldn't even think of going to the cabin till tomorrow morning if I were you," the Bartender said with a grin. "And even then, I'd advise you to go in a large group with a guide."

"Why?" Hermione asked quickly.

"Never know if Mr. Black's in the area," the Bartender replied.

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked with a frown, "I didn't think innocent people would be in danger of harm from Mr. Black."

"They wouldn't be," the Bartender agreed. "You'd be in danger if Mr. Black wasn't around, never know when he's in the area and it's best to play it safe."

"Why?"

"Ya see that thing up on the wall?" The bartender asked with a grin.

"Yes?" Hermione replied, the indicated 'thing' was a large stuffed creature with horrifically large teeth.

"I see it," Hermione prompted.

"That's what we call a Wendigo," the Bartender said with a grin.

"But I thought Wendigos were just a kind of Werewolf?" Hermione said in horror, "why would you . . ."

"Close but no," the Bartender interrupted. "A werewolf is a poor bastard with a curse, a Wendigo is a more then just a were. To become one you have to eat another human, it's all quite dark. Don't know everything involved . . ."

"Oh," Hermione replied. She still felt a bit sick to her stomach. "So you have those . . . things in the woods?"

"That and more," the man agreed. "That fellow caught me alone one day. I'd been out hunting and I ran into a man chopping down a tree to get a bit of firewood, the man greeted me and wished me luck."

"And he was a Wendigo?" Hermione said in understanding.

"Nope," the Bartender disagreed. "Least I don't think he is, could explain a few things though. No, I didn't run into the Wendigo till I was further up the trail."

"What'd you do?" Hermione prompted.

"I turned tail and ran," the Bartender said with a laugh. "Knew it wouldn't do any good but I figured that I might as well try. Well I came tearing down the trail screaming at the man I'd met to run. Just as I was about to pass the man chopping down the tree, he made one last cut and the tree fell to the ground . . . crushing that damned Wendigo."

"That was lucky," Hermione commented.

"That's what I thought till he told me his name." The Bartender paused to draw out the moment. "Damned if I know how Mr. Black knew to chop down that tree in that place at that time, but I'm glad he did and I'm glad he decided to save my life."

"Waiting one more night won't hurt," Remus offered. "Do you know of anywhere we could spend the night?"

"Got a couple of rooms upstairs," the bartender replied. "If you don't mind sharing with each other."

"We don't," Tonks said with a grin. "Two in each sound good to you guys?" The girls signaled their agreement. "Good, it's settled then."

"I'll wake you when things are ready tomorrow," the bartender offered.

"Thank you," Hermione said gratefully. "And good night."

Hermione awoke everyone at the crack of dawn and forced her friends to assemble at the base of the stairs.

"Up early are you?" The bartender remarked as he came in for the morning, "good. I've got your sled ready."

"Where is it?" Hermione demanded.

"Is it powered by Yaks?" Luna asked.

"Or reindeer?" Tonks asked in excitement, "dogs maybe? If it's dogs then I know where we can get a wolf to pull it."

"I don't," Remus said quickly.

"It's powered by magic," the bartender interrupted. "It's a disposable item that will take you to the cabin and back to town."

"No yaks then?" Luna persisted.

"Not since they got a union," the bartender agreed.

"Darn."

|||||||

Harry awoke late that morning to a knock on the door. Muttering something incomprehensible, he forced himself out of his nice warm bed and answered the door to find a man in a red suit on the other side. "Yes?"

"Mr. Black?" The man in the red uniform asked uncertainly.

"I am." Harry replied, he was starting to get that sinking feeling.

"I am here to ask for your help," the man explained.

"Who are you?" Harry asked, "and why do you need my help?"

"I am Sergeant Cooper, Royal Canadian Mounted Police." The Mountie replied, "and we need your help to track down a dangerous killer."

"What happened?" Harry demanded.

"Prison escape," Cooper replied. "Three years ago. We've been tracking him around the world but he always manages to stay a few steps ahead of us."

"Got any pictures?" Harry asked.

"Several," Cooper replied. The man passed Harry a thick envelope.

"Why so many?" Harry asked as he flipped past the first photo, "and what's with the clothes?"

"Bastard likes to send us pictures of himself," Cooper explained. "Sends us a picture of a crowd and dares us to find him. The clothes are a result of a charm placed on every prisoner, turns whatever they wear into red and white stripes."

"Why come to me now?" Harry asked mildly. "If he's been on the loose so long."

"A child was taken," Cooper said flatly. "We were able to retrieve the child but lost three men in the ensuing fight."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Harry said sympathetically.

"Thank you," Cooper replied calmly. "The killer escaped into the wilderness and has been leading us on a chase."

"And?" Harry prompted gently.

"And there is a blizzard coming," Cooper continued. "We need your help to bring him in before the storm hits and tracking him becomes impossible. We . . . we would also like your help in bringing him in alive."

"Alive?"

"To face justice," Cooper explained. "We would like . . . it wouldn't be right to let some private misfortune fall the man before we had a chance to get him before a judge."

"I'll see what I can do," Harry agreed after a long moment of thought. "Let's go."

"Here," Cooper said, handing Harry a large pair of snow shoes. "You'll need these."

"Hope we're not going far," Harry said as he strapped on the snow shoes.

"Seven league shoes," Cooper said with a grin. "We don't have time to do things the normal way."

"Let's go." Harry suggested.

"Right you are," Cooper agreed, taking off in the quick trot favored by those accustomed to travel in the far north.

"I hate my life sometimes," Harry groaned as he began to follow the other man.

Only minutes after Harry disappeared from sight, the sled containing Remus and the girls pulled up in front of Harry's cabin.

"Hurry up," Hermione commanded as she hopped out of the sled.

"A few minutes won't hurt us," Tonks protested.

"But I will," Hermione growled as she stalked towards the door. "Ohhh, I'm going to give him such a talking to for worrying us like that." Hermione threw open the door and stormed into the small cabin, "Harry . . . are you here?"

"Place looks empty," Remus offered.

"There are tracks outside leading away from the cabin," Tonks called out. "I don't think we missed him by much."

"Why do you say that?" Hermione asked.

"Because it's still warm in here," Luna replied. "His sheets are warm too, he must have just gotten out of bed."

"You said another day wouldn't hurt," Hermione accused. "Damn it."

"We can still follow the tracks," Remus tried to placate the distraught girl.

"No we can't," Luna said quietly. "Not unless they go back to town."

"That's right," Remus groaned. "How could I have forgotten something like that."

"It's ok," Tonks tried to reassure her beaux. "We can just wait for him to come back."

"Place is empty," Luna disagreed. "He must have packed up and left just before we got here, I . . . I don't think he's coming back."

"Then there still might be clues to tell us where he's going next," Tonks said firmly.

Luna lifted up the carpet and smiled, "I knew I felt something hidden in here. There's a trap door."

"Stand back," Remus ordered. "I'm going through first." Remus pried up the door and dashed down the ladder before any of the girls had a chance to object. "It's just a store room down here," He called back. "But there's a tunnel leading off to one direction that looks like it's been used recently . . . think we should check it out?"

"Yes," Tonks replied. "But wait for us."

"I'm just going to leave Harry a note first," Luna said suddenly. "In case he comes back."

"Don't do that," Hermione snapped.

"Why not?" Luna asked in confusion, "if he gets it then he'll contact us."

"What if he doesn't?" Hermione asked, looking much less confident then she had a moment before. "What if he doesn't want to see any of us again?"

"Then we should respect his wishes," Luna replied. "But until he tells me that I'm going to assume that your fears are entirely without justification."

"Thanks Luna," Hermione said with a smile. "Now let's go."

IIIIIIII

"This is where we lost the trail," Cooper said. "Think you can pick it up?"

"He's long gone," Harry said after a few sniffs of the air. "I don't think it will be possible to bring him in before the blizzard hits."

"I see," Cooper replied without emotion. "Thank you for coming."

"I said I didn't think it would be possible to get him before the blizzard hits," Harry said with a grin. "I didn't say I wouldn't try. I'll be back with him or with his body, whichever I find first."

"I wouldn't suggest going out," Cooper said quickly. "Not if you can't get back before the storm hits."

"Don't worry about me," Harry glanced up into the sky. "And be sure to find a good place to hole up, this storm is going to be a bad one." With that last comment, Harry disappeared into the night.

The storm raged for three days and Cooper feared that he had led the stranger to his death. No man could have possibly lived through a storm like that, not in what Mr. Black was wearing anyway.

After the storm broke, the mounties dug themselves out of their shelters and looked around.

"Shame," Cooper said sadly. "But you gotta admire the fact that he was willing to try."

"I'll see that . . . what's that?" The Mountie was gazing into the distance with a look of shock on his face, "I don't bloody believe it."

"What do you see?" Cooper demanded.

"I see a man," the other man replied. "Coming towards us."

The Mounties awaited breathlessly as the man approached and their hearts stopped when they saw what was in his hand.

"Get me away from him," the killer sobbed.

"Here's your man," Harry said coldly as he tossed the killer to the ground. "A bit damaged but alive."

"How did you survive the blizzard," Cooper asked in shock.

"The cold doesn't bother me," Harry replied. "You might say that she's an old friend of mine."

"An old friend?" One of the younger men began but was silenced by a look from one of his more seasoned compatriots.

"Yes," Harry agreed. "Now if you gentlemen will excuse me, I haven't eaten in two days and I am in bad need of a shower."

"Thank you for your help," Cooper said. The man's nerves were frayed and he was running on automatic. "If you'd like, we have fresh coffee in the cabin before you go."

"Coffee hmmm?" Harry mused he couldn't recall trying coffee in the past, "well . . . I guess a cup wouldn't hurt."

The shocked Mounted Police watched Harry depart and shared a look. Immediately they turned to their prisoner to get some answers.

"Let me confess," the killer begged. "Put me in a cell, just don't let him near me."

"What happened?" Cooper demanded.

"I was holed up in a snow cave," the killer said slowly. "When there was a break in the storm . . . and he appeared. I tried to shoot him but the action was froze . . . I tried to pull my knife but it caught on my belt and fell into the snow . . . his . . . he's not human. He just grabbed me and dragged me back here, he walked for two days without stop . . . the storm wouldn't touch him, it stopped when he came and started again as he passed. Please don't let him get me."

"Waldorf Statler Peterson AKA Killer Pete AKA Dorf the Killer AKA Waldo, you're under arrest for several murders and anything else we think to charge you with. You're going to be rotting in Astoria Prison

for Magic Endowed Criminals until you're a bitter old man. Take him away," Cooper commanded. Involuntary, he shuddered as he watched the man get cuffed and dragged away. Mr. Black had kept to the letter of his bargain, he hadn't killed the man . . . he hadn't had to.

AN: I've been asked to mention that Harry is in the middle of nowhere, the majority of people in Canada live in the southern part of the country. First part of the last chapter was in the last chapter of 'Make a Wish' as an Omake, the majority of the chapter was new. Thanks go to Chris for a part of this chapter.

Disclaimer: I did not have . . . uh, why don't we just skip it.

Due South

Luna and her minions . . . followers . . . companions, followed the footprints in the dust of the tunnel for what seemed like hours. "Look at the walls," Remus said suddenly. "They've changed."

"Looks like goblin made megalithic stonework," Hermione said after a moment. "Strange to find it up here."

"It looks like the tunnel is opening up," Tonks added. "No sense putting things off."

The three girls and a rather reluctant Remus crept up to the opening and peered into the cavern.

"Kitsune," Luna said in delight. "And Yuki Onna."

"And more Veela then I've ever seen in one place in my life," Hermione said in shock. "Where the hell are we?"

"Black's island," Tonks said in shock. "I . . . I'm sure of it."

"And you are correct," a voice said from there left. "What can I do for you?"

"I . . . we were just in Canada?" Tonks stammered. "How the hell did we get here?"

"Looks like you walked," the voice replied. "Forgive my rudeness, I am the Architect. I built these tunnels."

"I'm Luna," the girl introduced herself. "I invented a new way to count that starts with five million instead of one."

"A notable accomplishment I'm sure," the goblin said with a grin. "What may I do for you?"

"We're looking for Harry Potter," Hermione said. "You haven't seen him have you?"

"I don't believe so," the Architect said after a moment of thought.

"Damn," Hermione growled. "Now what?"

"I suggest you come with me," the Architect replied. "I may know someone who could help you."

"Who?" Luna demanded, "It's not a Greblemuck is it? Because you can never trust anything they say."

"I don't believe she is," the Architect assured his guest. "Though it could explain a few things."

"Be quiet Luna," Hermione snapped. "Lead the way . . . sir?"

"Walk this way," the goblin commanded.

"Let's go," Hermione said. "And stop walking like that Luna."

"But he said to . . ."

"Not now," Hermione interrupted and immediately regretted it. "I'm sorry Luna, it's just that we were so close."

"It's ok," Luna patted her friend on the shoulder. "I understand."

"I can see my room from here," Tonks said in excitement as she walked up a large hall. "It was just down that side hall . . . but I don't remember this area."

"It's new," the Architect explained. "Sort of."

"Oh."

"Now just walk through this door," the Architect said. "She's waiting for you."

"That door?" Remus asked nervously, "the one that has an insane giggling on the other side of it?"

"Yes"

"The one that has horrific screams coming from the other side of it?" Remus asked again

"Yes, the one with the screams." The Architect agreed.

"Just to be clear," Remus began. "I just want to be sure that you're talking about the door with the sign that says 'trespassers will be violated,' the sign that says 'warning: if you come through this door, your mind may shatter because it finds out things that man was not ment to know.'"

"Yes that door," the Architect agreed with a frown. "Now go in."

"So I don't make any mistakes," Remus said. "I want to be sure that it's the door with the evil black purple smoke with green edging coming out from under it, and a door mat that bears the statement 'by crossing this threshold, you agree to be subjected to any number of harmful and painful experements.'"

"YES THAT DOOR," the Goblin screamed. "NOW GO IN."

"Come on Remus," Tonks commanded. "You're holding us up."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "It's not like anything bad will happen to us."

"Oh god," tears began leaking out the corners of Remus's eyes. "You just HAD to say that didn't you?"

"You take his right arm," Luna said. "And Hermione will get his feet."

"Right," Tonks agreed. And so, the three brave girls carried the weeping werewolf into the mysterious room.

"Hello?" Hermione called out nervously.

"You can let me down now," Remus said in defeat.

"How do we know you won't run out through the door?" Tonks asked suspiciously.

"Because it disappeared the second you crossed over," Remus replied.

"Oh," Tonks looked back. "So it did."

"Hi," a perky voice called back.

"Hello," Luna called out.

"Hi," the voice called back.

"Hello," Luna called out, she was beginning to like this game.

"Hi," the voice called back, she was also begging to like this game.

"Can we get on with this?" Hermione called out, "please?"

"Ok," the voice agreed. "We can play later, let's all get down to business."

"Could we see you first?" Remus asked, "unless of course you're some sort of supernatural horror."

"Sure," the voice replied and a wild eyed woman in a lab coat stepped out. "Hello, my name's Henhgirl."

"I'm Luna," Luna introduced herself. "And I must say that it's quite refreshing to find someone in the world besides my father that knows how to play 'Yell Hello at each other.'"

"Pity we didn't have time to complete the entire thing," Henhgirl agreed.

"Isn't it," Luna replied.

"How long does it take to play the whole thing?" Tonks asked with a grin.

"No less than thirteen hours," Luna replied.

"Only if you're playing with the revised rulebook," Henghgirl sniffed. "I prefer to play the traditional way that takes no less than two days."

"Moving right along," Hermione interjected. "We were told that you wished to speak with us?"

"Yeppers," Henghgirl agreed. "I've heard that you're looking for Harry Potter."

"And," Hermione asked suspiciously.

"I can't do much to help you," Henghgirl said with a frown. "But I can do a few things."

"Why can't you help us?" Remus asked.

"Mr. Black," Henghgirl replied. "Has some dumb idea that Harry has to figure these things out for himself. I on the other hand think that Harry's making a mistake by cutting himself off."

"Why'd he do it?" Hermione asked quickly. "Why'd he leave?"

"Because . . . because he saw what he'd become, what he could be capable of and he didn't like it." Henghgirl said sadly, "I think he might be trying to protect you."

"That's stupid," Hermione said quickly.

"I know," Henghgirl agreed. "I think he might also have been afraid that he wouldn't be allowed to leave Hogwarts or retain his independence if he stayed, not sure about that though."

"So what can you do for us?" Tonks asked.

"I'll let the Professor tell you that," Henchgirl replied. "He still thinks that it's all his idea and he'll start sulking if I tell you before he has a chance to."

Elsewhere, a jar of mayonnaise was beginning to turn green.

IIIIIIII

Harry was riding south towards the border when he saw something that he had to stop for. "Son of a bitch," he muttered to himself. "Surrey, next right." He read the sign, "guess England wasn't the only place unfortunate enough to have one." Harry stared at the sign for several more minutes before he cleared his throat and deliberately spat on the sign. Then, he pulled back into traffic and continued south to the customs booth.

"Papers please," the customs agent said without looking up.

"Here you are," Harry handed over his passport.

"Well then Mister . . . Black," the man froze.

"Yes?"

"Purpose of visit?" The agent said, his eyes locked on the passport.

"Just passing through," Harry replied.

"Here are your papers back," the man said stiffly. "Have a nice day."

"Thanks," Harry restarted his motorcycle and continued south.

It several minutes for the Customs agent's mind to reboot and when it did, the first thing he did was pick up the phone. "Code Black, I repeat code Black."

IIIIIIII

"Hello again Ms. Granger, Ms. Tonks." The Professor said with a grin. "How have you been?"

"We've been good," Tonks replied. "You?"

"Can't complain," the Professor said with a shrug. "Who are your companions?"

"This is Remus," Tonks introduced her special friend. "And this is Luna."

"Hello," Luna said.

"Hi," Remus waved.

"You wouldn't happen to be a werewolf would you?" The Professor asked with a squint.

"Is that going to be a problem?" Remus asked levelly.

"No," the Professor said with a smile. "Mr. Black himself is part werewolf, I was just wondering."

"Part werewolf?" Remus gasped.

"Yes," the Professor agreed. "As to the reason for your visit . . . well, I'm afraid that the only person that can tell you the location of Harry Potter is Mr. Black."

"So you won't help us either?" Hermione said flatly.

"I didn't say that," the Professor said with a smile. "How would the three of you like to work for Black Ink?"

"What?" Hermione asked in shock.

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR BLACK INK?" The Professor said loudly and slowly, "YOU MIGHT ALSO WANT TO SEE THE DOCTOR TO CHECK YOUR HEARING."

"I can hear you just fine," Hermione snapped. "I just wasn't sure I heard the right thing."

"Oh," the Professor said in understanding. "Well?"

"What would you want us to do?" Luna said quickly.

"Trouble consultants," the Professor said vaguely. "What do you think of the code name lovely angels?"

|||||

"He's what?" The commander of the Magical Law Enforcement for the Washington State Police asked quickly.

"In America sir," the trooper replied. "Crossed the border a few minutes ago."

"Who do you think the target is?" The commander asked with a resigned sigh.

"Couldn't say sir," the Trooper replied.

"Keep an eye on the morgue then," the Commander ordered. "And tell me if you find anything."

"Yes sir," the Trooper agreed.

|||||

"Times," the reporter answered the phone.

"I've got some information for you," the voice on the other end replied. "Five hundred dollars."

"What's the information?" The reporter demanded, "and I'll tell you ahead of time that I doubt anything is worth that much."

"It's about Mr. Black," the voice said smugly.

"What about him?"

"He's in Washington, heading towards Seattle." The voice said, "that good enough."

"Can you give me anything else," the reporter asked, outwardly calm.

"What would you like to know?"

"Anything you got," the reporter said quickly.

"I want another five hundred dollars," the voice said after a moment of thought.

"Deal."

"He's at least several thousand years old and the being responsible for the sinking of Atlantis," the voice began.

"Why."

"There are several theories," the voice explained. "We know that Merlin was exiled from the island for his lack of magical power and it isn't hard to guess how society would have treated Squibs or Muggles."

"Go on."

"We also saw Black's reaction to the Blood Purists in Germany," the voice said slowly. "Current thought is that it brought up old memories and that what we saw in Germany was nothing compared to what he did the first time."

"What else can you give me." The reporter's fingers danced over his typewriter. "What about the rumors that he's death."

"Maybe his is," the voice replied. "Or maybe he's just what the myths are based on, I don't know."

"What else," the reporter demanded.

"One more thing," the voice paused. "Don't assume any death is an accident when Black is in town, just . . . just look closely at the background of any corpse."

"Thank you."

"What about my money," the voice demanded.

"You'll get it," the reporter said with a frown. "One thousand dollars."

"Have it with you when you go home from work next Monday," the voice ordered. "I'll get it from you then."

AN: Well, here's another part, keep trying to knock out the next chapter of 'Back in Black.' Got the idea and the outline in my head, just have to find the time to write it.

Another good Omake by Chris Hill

This omake takes place a few days after the capture of Waldo.

Sargent Cooper walked into the office of his boss, wondering what was up.

"Sargent, I've read all of the reports filed on the Peterson arrest. What I want now is your impression of what happened as Peterson could be declared insane." said his superior.

Cooper nodded. "Sir, what I saw was right out of legend. Mr. Black walked off into a blizzard, tracked him down, and brought him back. Peterson said that he walked nonstop for two day, dragging him back to justice."

"That's what happened, Cooper, what I want to know is your impression of Mr. Black."

Cooper almost figited. "Sir, I've had a few days to think about it, and I believe Mr. Black was one of the first 275."

The Mountie looked at Cooper. "Are you sure of that?"

"Sir, Yes Sir." Sargent Cooper stated, "I have had a chance to look in the database, and came up with a Sargent Black. No first name recorded. He was one of the men that in 1876 signed treaties with both the Cree and the Blackfoot. In addition, he went on to be one of the first to create the reputation of always catching our man."

"How can you be sure of this?"

"It was Black's actions and comments sir." the Sargent replied. "Mr. Black is obviously well versed in woodcraft, but he was determined to bring Peterson in despite the weather. This was a blizzard that could easily cause one to get lost and die, but he went anyways. He didn't stop, and followed his duty to bring Peterson in, forgoing eating and normal comforts to do so.

"In addition, he said that the cold was a friend of his. The only ones that I know that say that are those that take the traditional methods classes. He acted like one of the Legendary Mounties."

Sargent Coopers boss nodded. "Good, write that up. I want to pass it on to Ottawa right away."

"Sir, if I may." Cooper began, "I have a request."

"What is it?"

"I would like to get approval from headquarters to do a series of shows on the people which made our force the legend it is. It would be good for both recruitment and morale."

The Mountie at the desk considered it. "Put the proposal down and get it back to be as soon as possible."

IIII

A week later, Cooper was once again called before his superiors desk.

The man behind it was smiling and gave Cooper a warm handshake. "Congratulations Cooper. Ottawa approved your show with one small difference. They also want you to produce and direct the show."

Cooper blinked in response. "What was the change sir?"

The other man smiled wider, "It has to do with softwood, but they feel that this should not only be for Mounties, but for the General Public. The FULL General Public. They want to see how a Mountie, who follows

the ways of our Legends will do if he tracked a criminal from up north to Chicago. Then leaving him there at the Embassy as a consultant for the US police while solving crimes the traditional way."

Cooper smiled, "And the other request?"

"Also approved. We sending Mr. Black a new Red Serge and we have sent him a new badge and the plaque. The saying on the Plaque is to be added to the credits of the show."

Cooper smiled. Perhaps a new generation of Mounties, dedicated to duty would be available in a few years. It made him feel good.

IIII

The new television show, Due South got great reviews. In the pilot, one barely seen section had the following:

"To Sargent Black, the man who has thought and shown us, we who where the Red Serge, the Honour, Dedication to Duty, and Determination necessary to be the best and To Always Catch our Man."

Disclaimer: Don't play with high explosives, it may be fun . . . really fun . . . really really really fun. But it's also dangerous and illegal . . . damn it.

The Pacific Northwest

"Ready for your first assignment?" The Professor asked seriously.

"We are," Hermione confirmed.

"We are," Tonks agreed.

"Sure," Luna said with a grin.

"Then listen closely," the Professor began. "Your first assignment . . ."

"Yes," Tonks prompted.

"Is to get those damned Australian boaters to stop having parties at the edge of the wards," the Professor said quickly. "Everyone else feels a horrific sense of dread at the edge of the wards, damned boaters just think it's a cool place to have a cold one."

"Uh . . . " Remus glanced at his companions. "We were hoping to assigned to look for Harry Potter . . . or something similar."

"Fine," the Professor said. "You do that then, go find Henchgirl and get something from her or something . . . don't even worry about the boaters . . . just leave me here all alone."

"Ok," Luna agreed with a perky smile. "Bye bye."

The Professor watched as the blond dragged her friends out of the room, "but . . . you weren't supposed to agree."

IIIIIIIIII

For the first time in months, Harry allowed himself to be a normal tourist. He spent the morning in an open air market and then rode the monorail to the space needle.

"Afternoon," Harry greeted a uniformed police officer.

"Hello," the police officer replied. "Can I help you with anything?"

"Just noticed that the tracks got really close to each other back there and I was wondering how you keep the two trains from crashing into each other when they pass at that point?"

"I don't know," the police officer said after a moment of thought. "I'd guess that the engineers know what they were doing though."

"I guess," Harry agreed, mentally making a note to have the Professor take a look at some future point in time.

After his conversation with the police officer, Harry decided to explore the grounds around the Space Needle. Harry found himself in front of the Museum of Science Fiction after a few minutes of wandering, and decided to take a look.

"I've got to tell the Professor about this place," Harry mused to himself as he looked at another exhibit. "What the hell is a wood beast?" Pulling his mind away from the mystery, Harry continued his tour and was soon out of the museum. "Too small," Harry summed up the experience. "But it had some interesting thing in it I guess." Harry nervously pulled out his guidebook and flipped to the section on Seattle, "nope . . . not gonna do that . . . hell no . . . hmmm, that doesn't seem so bad." Harry mused, "and neither does that." His mind made up, Harry pulled out his motorcycle and pulled into traffic.

A few minutes of riding brought Harry to his next destination, the Nordic Heritage Museum housed in what looked like an old school house. Harry spent several minutes examining the boat outside the main building before finally walking in.

"Good afternoon," the girl at the counter said with a smile. "Is this your first visit?"

"Yes it is," Harry agreed. "I'm on vacation and when I saw this place in the guide book I had to come."

"We're always glad to hear things like that," the girl said happily. "Was there anything in particular that you wanted to see?"

"I was hoping that I could get someone to look at an old belt axe I picked up in Scandinavia," Harry replied. "Other than that, I just wanted to have a visit."

"Do you have it with you?" The girl asked.

"Sure," Harry reached into his coat and pulled out his axe.

"You had that under your coat?" The girl said dully.

"Uh." Harry had forgotten that he was in a non magical area. "I ride a motorcycle, it was easier to put it there while I rode than to bury it in my pack."

"I guess that makes sense," the girl said slowly. "Now let me get a closer look at it." The girl examined the axe for several minutes. "You wouldn't have happened to have gotten this thing near Geilo would you?"

"Maybe," Harry said with a shrug. "Why?"

"Something I can't quite remember," the girl replied. "I've got a specialist coming in for a lecture in a few days, could you come back then?"

"I'm just passing through," Harry said. "But I could leave it here."

"How would you get it back?"

"I'll leave a business card," Harry said. "You can contact me when you're done with it and I'll arrange a pick up then."

"If you're sure," the girl said as she took Harry's card. "Thank you Mr." She squinted at the card. "Black."

"No problem," Harry said, happy that someone didn't know of his fearsome reputation. "And have a good day."

"Be sure to check out the boat in the next room," the girl called after Harry.

Harry spent several minutes wandering around the museum and eventually found himself in front of a blacksmithing exhibit. "Wrong kind of vice," Harry muttered to himself. "Should be a post . . . damn, I've been spending way too much time around the Professor and Henchgirl if I can spot something like that." Harry was about to continue his self guided tour when his zippo began to vibrate. "Yes?"

"It's me," Henchgirl's voice replied. "You're in Seattle right?"

"Yup."

"Would you mind dropping by the locks and getting a few pictures?" Henchgirl asked hopefully.

"Sure," Harry agreed. "I'll swing by them on my way out of town."

"Thank you," Henchgirl replied. "Have you eaten yet?"

"Not yet," Harry said.

"THEN GO DO IT," Henchgirl yelled. "If you don't eat enough then you'll waste away to nothing, you don't have me there with you making yummy vitamin drinks . . . unless you want me to join you?" Henchgirl finished hopefully.

"Maybe in a couple days," Harry replied. "It's not that I don't like spending time with you and the others but . . ."

"But everyone needs some alone time once and a while," Henchgirl finished. "Your friends Hermione and Luna have taken jobs at Black Ink."

"Doing what?" Harry asked quickly. "And shouldn't they still be in school?"

"Hermione took her tests early and Luna took hers in first year," Henchgirl replied. "They're going through training at the moment . . . that Granger girl is . . . well, just don't ever let her play with explosives and you'll live a much happier life."

"Do I want to know?" Harry asked with a sigh.

"I doubt it," Henchgirl said with an unseen shrug.

"Then don't tell me," Harry said quickly.

"Ok," Henchgirl agreed. "I almost forgot, we've got something new for you."

"What?"

"Well, a few days ago the Doctor showed the Professor and me a rather interesting Muggle program." Henchgirl said enthusiastically. "Some of the science was a bit iffy but there was one thing in the show that we both had to have."

"What?" Harry asked with growing dread.

"Something called a Swiss Army Knife," Henchgirl replied. "So after a bit of research, we found that they're made by a couple of companies and we bought one of everything they had."

"Oh," Harry said as his heart rate began to slow.

"The only problem was that they were missing quite a few useful things and that some of them were a little large to store in a pocket." Henchgirl continued, "but we've solved those problems."

"Good to hear," Harry said. "Good job."

"It's coming through," Henchgirl said suddenly.

"Got it." Harry's trained reflexes allowed him to snatch it out of the air.

"And the manual," Henghgirl said.

"Got it." Harry's muscles bulged under the weight of the massive manual. "Couldn't you have shrunk it?"

"We did," Henghgirl said with a laugh. "The knife has every tool we could think of and a few other things like a spare wand, monster, that sort of thing."

"Mons . . ." Harry caught himself before he finished asking the question. "Thanks Henghgirl."

"You're welcome," Henghgirl said happily. "Stay in touch, bye bye."

"Bye Henghgirl," Harry said with a smile. Harry walked out of the museum and rode his motorcycle down to the locks. "I'm glad Henghgirl had me visit these," Harry said to himself as he used his tape recorder to take a few pictures. "And I wish I'd remembered to get a new camera," he added as another group of people stared at him with odd looks. "Ah well."

Harry took a few more pictures before hopping on his motorcycle and heading south.

IIIIIIII

"Sir," the trooper called to his boss. "Black's just crossed the border into Oregon."

"Good," the head of Magical Law Enforcement said with a smirk. "He's not my problem anymore . . . what's the butcher bill?"

"We're still compiling it sir," the man said quickly.

"Give me what you've got."

"Three muggers slipped on banana peels and impaled themselves, one slipped on a patch of ice . . ."

"How the hell does Black expect us to think that's an accident?" The commander growled, "sure it's cold but it's still a bit early for ice."

"Some sort of weird micro climate," the underling explained. "The specialist we consulted said it happened more then we'd realise."

"Get on with it."

"One man slipped and fell into a wood chipper and DNA confirms that he's an ex-concentration camp guard that's been on the run for fifty or so years. Other then that sir . . . well, Harbor Patrol's been finding a number of corpses floating around."

"And we had men watching him at all times?"

"He wasn't out of sight more then a few minutes at a time sir and we detected no magic."

"Damn . . . they told me he was good but I never believed anyone could be this good." The Commander leaned back in his chair. "See if you can get the department a few slots at his school, I want us to put as many men through it as we can."

"Yes sir."

IIIIIIII

Tonks stepped out of the shower and spent several minutes staring into the mirror. "Did I get it all out?"

"I think so," an extremely sooty Luna replied. "But I don't know why you bothered, I rather like this look."

"Well I don't," Tonks said with a look at Hermione.

"I said I was sorry," Hermione muttered.

"Next time someone asks if you want to play with Nitroglycerin you say no," Tonks said firmly.

"But I didn't think they were serious," Hermione protested.

"Even if you don't think it's really nitroglycerin you don't throw mysterious bottles full of mysterious things at the wall and yell 'heads up.'" Tonks growled.

"But that didn't do anything to either of you," Hermione said with a weak smile.

"She's right," Luna agreed. "It was the force of the blast knocking over the table covered in bottles of nitroglycerin that caused us to fly through that wall."

"At least the wards prevented any serious injuries," Hermione said.

"Grrrr," Tonks just ground her teeth together.

IIIIIIII

Elsewhere, a jar of mayonnaise was starting to grow fuzz. But that's not important, at least not yet.

Harry pulled off the highway and pulled out his guidebook. After flipping through the section on Portland he was about to pull back into traffic when a small notation caught his eye.

Powells Books, over one million titles. One of the more interesting examples of the use of magic in mundane environments is the way Powells books uses several spells to manipulate the size of their store, making the inside many times larger than it's outward appearance . . .

. . . Powells is located near Pioneer Square. The best way to get there is to avoid traffic and take the Metro, Portland's efficient train system.

"Why not," Harry asked himself. Harry pocketed his motorcycle and walked to the suspiciously convenient station.

AN: Well, here's this part. All I gotta do is get Harry to an amusement park, through the Donner pass maybe, to a convention center, through the superstition mountains, and to texas, and this story will be drawing to a close . . . maybe.

Disclaimer: Don't take unfamiliar back roads in the winter . . . not even when they're "short cuts" and especially if you don't have any emergency supplies.

A Road with a View

"Hermione," Tonks said with false calm. "I realise that you didn't go through the Auror academy and because of that I'm going to share something I learned there."

"Yes?" Hermione said meekly.

"When you have the bad guys surrounded," Tonks began. "You ask them to surrender. You do NOT scream 'what did you call me?' and blow up the building. You definitely shouldn't blow up the rubble, laugh, blow up the rubble of the rubble, laugh and yell 'who's the bitch now?' ok?"

"You don't?" Luna asked in shock.

"No you don't," Tonks agreed. "Is everyone on the same page?"

"I still say they shouldn't have said that about me," Hermione muttered.

"I don't care what they call you," Tonks growled. "You don't hit gas lines with fire spells."

"What about . . ." Luna began.

"Or do anything else that causes buildings to explode," Tonks interrupted.

IIIIIIII

Harry's eyes bulged when he walked through the front doors and saw how large the building was on the inside. "How the hell do they get away with such blatant use of magic," he whispered to himself. A quick glance at a chart on the wall showed the section he wanted and he was on his way.

"Excuse me sir," a clerk called out politely.

"What is it?" Harry asked. He was sitting on the floor in front of a shelf with a large stack of books beside his old pack.

"Do you need any help?"

"Yes," Harry said quickly. "Would it be possible to have this stack of books moved to the register so I can pick out a few more?"

"We can do that sir," the clerk agreed. "But are you sure you want all these books? It'll be rather expensive."

"Cost doesn't bother me," Harry said with a wave of his hand. "Friends do, and I have a couple friends that will be delighted to get these."

"I understand sir," the clerk said simply. "May I ask what your friends are interested in so that I can help you find a few more sections?"

"I want anything you have on science and engineering," Harry said quickly. "Books on the way things work would be great too . . . and architecture, I've got another friend that would enjoy getting a few books on architecture."

"Then might I suggest . . ."

"I'll take it from here," a female clerk interrupted. "You get these books to the register."

"Alright ma'am," the first clerk agreed.

"Who are you?" Harry asked bluntly.

"I'm in charge of the magical books section," the woman replied. "It's an honor to have you here Mr. Black."

"I see," Harry said neutrally. "But unfortunately, I don't plan to purchase any magic books so if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Are you sure?" The woman asked with a smile, "cause we just happen to have a few rare books that I'm sure you'll find interesting."

"Fine," Harry gave up. "What are they?"

"First." The woman pulled out a book. "The Rare Guide to Rare Spells, only three known to exist."

"I guess . . . "

"And the Really Rare Guide to Really Rare Spells only two known to exist." The woman added another book to the pile. "Not to mention the Guide to Spells that are so Rare That They Can Only be Found in This Guide. Only one known to exist. And finally, the hand written manuscript of an untitled book with spells not known by anyone at any time."

"Then how was it written?" Harry demanded.

"It wasn't," the woman said smugly.

"You said hand written," Harry challenged.

"Current theory is that it wrote itself," the woman offered.

"Fine," Harry agreed with a sigh.

"And if you get those then you might as well get the boxed set of Illegal Guides to Illegal Things," the woman said hopefully.

"Why not," Harry agreed with a shrug.

"And how about this scrap of paper that would otherwise be hidden inside one of your other purchases?" The woman held up a map.

"Just take all the books you have on science, chemistry, physics, mathematics, engineering, architecture, and the way things work." Harry began, "along with any rare books on Potions and Wards. And add in everything you want me to buy."

"We can do that sir," the woman agreed cheerfully.

"And send them to my island," Harry finished with a grin.

"What?" The woman faltered.

"I know what this is about," Harry said with a grin. "You're trying to trick me into another quest, well it's not going to work."

"Not even a little one?"

"No, not even a little one."

"Ok," the woman agreed in disappointment. "Then will you have lunch with me?"

"Lunch?" Harry asked with a large amount of suspicion.

"I haven't eaten," the woman explained. "And I've heard all about you from my cousins . . . I'm curious ok?"

"Just lunch?"

"Just lunch," the woman confirmed.

"Someone isn't going to burst in and try to rob the place?"

"Not that I know," the woman replied.

"No tricks?"

"Just lunch," the woman said firmly. "A nice quiet lunch."

"Fine," Harry agreed wearily. "A nice quiet lunch."

"And I know just the place," the woman said with a smile. "Deli up the street a bit, we can talk and have something to eat and nothing will happen today."

"You'd better be sure of that."

"As sure as I can be," the woman agreed. "Now let's get going." A few minutes of walking brought them to a small hole in the wall deli.

"Just so we're on the same page," Harry began.

"I don't think anything will happen," the woman said with a sigh. "I don't know that anything will happen and nothing I know leads me to believe anything will happen."

"If you're sure," Harry said slowly.

"Just go in," the woman snapped.

"Fine," Harry agreed nervously. Harry stepped through the door and immediately took a step to the left.

"He Sue," the man behind the counter greeted the woman. "Who's your friend."

"Someone that's too paranoid for his own good," Sue replied. "I'll have the usual."

"Same here," Harry said with a weak smile. "Sorry about the way I came in."

"Seen it before," the man said with a shrug. "And I'll see it again. You want anything to drink?"

"Whatever's good," Harry said.

"You really do need to relax though," Sue told Harry. "My family isn't out to get you."

"It'd just be nice to have a bit of warning," Harry said with a smile.

"Sure it would," the woman agreed. "And most of us would give it if we could. I don't think you understand the curse . . . I'll give you an example, let's say you came into my shop and I had a book that I had

a feeling you'd be able to use. I wouldn't know why, I'd just have a feeling that you'd be able to use it. Ten years later you prop up a table with it, or use a spell in it to warm yourself up when it's cold, or god knows what."

"Oh . . . and you're all like this?"

"Some see more and some see less," Sue replied. "That's about as much as I'll ever be able to do."

"Fine." Harry allowed himself to relax. "How'd you know I was coming?"

"I have a friend in the Police department," Sue replied.

"Oh . . . so . . . uh . . . nice weather we're having?"

"Just eat your sandwich," the woman said with a laugh.

"It's good," Harry said with a smile. "Thanks."

"I figure that I should do my part to give you a bit of good to mix with all the trouble you've had."

"I appreciate that," Harry said as he wolfed down his meal.

"Wrap up a few more for him Max," Sue said to the man behind the counter. "For the road."

"Sure thing," Max agreed.

"I'm gonna get back on the road," Harry said as he stood up. "Have a good day."

"You too," Sue replied automatically.

Harry mounted his bike and headed south.

IIIIIIII

"Hermione," the zippo in Hermione's pocket began to talk. "Are you there?"

"Who is it?" Hermine answered.

"It's Professor McGonagall," the voice replied. "What happened in Canada?"

"We missed him," Hermione replied. "By just a few minutes."

"I see . . . what's your status now?"

"We're on Black's island," Hermione replied. "We've taken jobs with Black Ink."

"Good thinking," McGonagall voice said after a moment. "Albus hasn't found much that we don't already know. Most of his contacts tell him the same thing, Black came, Black killed, Black left, and we don't know anything about Harry Potter."

"Damn it," Hermione cursed. "Anything else?"

"The Quibbler put out a new story about a team of trouble consultants working for Black Ink," McGonagall replied. "Called the 3WA."

"What did it say?" Hermione asked with a grin.

"It said that there was a blonde, a brunette, and a bad dye job." McGonagall said. "That the blonde was beautiful and intelligent and the leader. The one with the bad dye job cried a lot and tried to stop their psychotic third member from going on another bloody rampage. And the third one is insane with a fetish for explosives."

"Really?" Hermione growled.

"Yes," McGonagall agreed. "I'd advise you to stay away from them, especially the crazy brunette."

"I'll keep that in mind," Hermione said through clenched teeth.

"Good," McGonagall was having a hard time restraining her laughter. "Take care of yourself Hermione."

"You too Professor," Hermione replied. Hermione closed the zippo and put it in her pocket, she had a certain blonde that she needed to . . . talk to.

|||||||

Several hours of riding brought Harry close to the border with California and on the advice of his guidebook, he turned off onto the last exit before the crossing. Harry continued up the small winding road until he caught a flicker of movement out of the corner of his eye. Suddenly, a large cougar lept out of the tree line and crossed the road with another bound.

"As big as my motorcycle," Harry muttered to himself. "Shoulda taken a picture." A few more minutes of driving brought Harry to the other side of the mountain and the fantastic view it offered. "Wow." Harry gasped. In the distance he could see Interstate 5 winding through the valley below. "S'worth it, this whole detour was worth this view."

|||||||

"Luna," Hermione said with false calm as she approached her friend. "Read this."

"Hmmm?" Luna's expression darkened as she read the article in her father's magazine. "How dare father suggest that I have a bad dye job. Don't worry Hermione, I'll make sure he pays for this."

"Uh . . . I think you're the blonde," Hermione said with a wince.

"Well then how dare he talk about my friends like that," Luna said with a frown. "You do not have a bad dye job either Hermione."

"Um . . . I think that one refers to Tonks."

"Oh . . . what's the problem then?" Luna asked innocently.

"He said I was a Psychotic with a fetish for explosives," Hermione screamed.

Luna glanced back at the article before turning back to her friend, "so?"

AN: Really is a good view and I really did see a cougar the size of Harry's motorcycle in that area.

Omake for the last chapter by dakenrake

"Well, a few days ago the Doctor showed the Professor and me a rather interesting Muggle program." Henghgirl said enthusiastically. "Some of the science was a bit iffy but there was one thing in the show that we both had to have."

"What?" Harry asked with growing dread.

"Something called a Swiss Army Knife," Henghgirl replied. "So after a bit of research, we found that they're made by a couple of companies and we bought one of everything they had."

"Oh," Harry said as his heart rate began to slow.

"The only problem was that they were missing quite a few useful things and that some of them were a little large to store in a pocket. The name was also quite misleading." Henghgirl continued, "but we've solved those problems."

"The Swiss Army gave us a few problems but we figured it out." Says Henghgirl and after a small pause "The button is on the side."

"The button for what?" Harry asked mildly confused.

"To summon the Swiss Army of course." Came Henghgirl's reply in a rather obvious manner.

Dake "The Inept Amateur Omake Author"

Disclaimer: Most Roller Coasters, indeed most carnival and amusement park rides are safe.

I Wish I Was in Happy World Land

"Ready Lavender?" Professor Hamilton asked with a smile.

"I just wanna stop by the Defence Group for a few minutes to say goodbye first," Lavender replied.

"Alright," Hamilton agreed. "Just do your best to calm down, you'll be fine."

"What if I'm not?" Lavender demanded. "It's my first real duel on the professional circuit, I'll be facing Aurors and dueling professionals. I'm just a student."

"You'll be fine no matter what you do," Hamilton reassured his student. "Anyway, you couldn't do worse than I did in my first professional duel."

"What did you do?"

"I dropped my wand," Hamilton said. "And lost to a simple stunner . . . then I wet myself."

"Really?" The girl giggled.

"Unfortunately," Hamilton agreed with a sigh. "I'd appreciate it if you didn't spread that story around."

"I'll think about it," the no longer nervous student said with a smile.

"Better hurry if you want to see the group before we have to leave," Hamilton said.

"Right," Lavender agreed. It took the girl a few minutes to reach the classroom and she arrived just in time to hear the tale end of a speech.

"Saying what house Mr. Black would be in is meaningless," the student said. "Better to say which of the founders would be in Mr. Black's house should he have chosen to found one of his own. I say it would have been Hufflepuff," the student said and shocked the room. "In his first class, Mr. Black taught us a lesson about loyalty. About dieing and killing for your friends, thank you."

Lavender joined the applause and smiled at her friends. "Good luck Lav," one of the students called out.

"Yeah, show them what you can do." Another agreed.

IIIIIIII

After a few hours of riding, a growling stomach caused Harry to pull over for lunch.

"Perfect time to eat that sandwich I got in Portland," Harry said to himself.

The smell hit Harry just before the sandwich entered his mouth. "Ug." Harry gave the sandwich a sniff. "Mayo went bad, guess I should get rid of it." Harry tossed the sandwich into a nearby trash can. Putting perishable items in a warm place isn't the best idea I've ever had Harry mused as he rode away, leaving a very confused pair of watchers behind.

Harry continued south until he saw a small sign advertising an amusement park. "Why the hell not," he asked himself. Harry walked through the front gates and past the roller coasters until he reached the object of his desire, something he'd wanted to try since he was a small child. "How much to ride?" He demanded.

"The ferris wheel is three of those tickets in your hand," the Carney replied.

"Can I stay on it till I run out of tickets?" Harry asked.

"No one else in line," the man agreed with a shrug. "You wanna spin around or just stay at the top for a few minutes?"

"Spin a few times then stay at the top," Harry replied.

"Get on," the man motioned.

"One moment please," a woman ran up and thrust a handful of tickets into the Carney's hands. "I'll stay on till he gets off."

"Sure." The Carney stopped the ride and seated the woman two cars behind Harry.

The grin on Harry's face grew wider and wider as he made the slow trip around and around until finally he stopped at the top. "Roller coaster doesn't look too interesting," Harry muttered. "Not as good as a broom, but as good as a Gringotts car I'd guess . . . wonder if it's safe without magic, guess I'd better ask the Professor."

|||||

"Chief," a wild eyed code breaker yelled as he ran into the chief's office. "I think I may have figured out what half of Mr. Black's latest message might mean."

"Well?"

"It took us several hours without sleep and fifteen gallons of coffee each but we think that that Mr. Black telling us to give a message to agent eighty six."

"How do you figure that?"

"Mr. Black said get rid of," the man said quickly. "Another way to 'get rid of something' is to eighty six it. Mr. Black wants us to tell agent eighty six that the mayo is bad."

"Are you sure that Mr. Black wasn't just throwing away food that went bad?"

"Course not," the code breaker replied with a sniff of disdain. "It's Mr. Black, everything he does is calculated. The sandwich is in the bio

warfare labs, so far they haven't found anything unusual but for all we know it could contain a cure for cancer."

"Why don't you get a few hours of sleep," the Chief said slowly. "I'll be sure that Max gets the message."

"Already took care of that sir," the code breaker said proudly. "But I'll tell the men you told us to turn in. Thanks chief."

"Dismissed," the Chief said with a sigh. He had nearly thirty precious seconds of peace before he had another knock on the door. "Enter."

"Hello chief," a woman said as she walked into the room.

"Ninety nine," the chief replied. "What can I do for you?"

"I was assigned to tail Mr. Black today," ninety nine replied.

"And?"

"He went to the amusement park and I think he tried to arrange a face to face on the ferris wheel," ninety nine reported. "I was unable to get on the same car as he did but I was able to get on one close enough to hear some of his message."

"Get on with it."

"All I was able to make out were the words; Roller coaster . . . interesting . . . not . . . safe . . . ask Professor. I'm sorry I wasn't able to hear more," ninety nine finished with regret.

"Where did he go?" The Chief asked with a yawn.

"Happy World Land," ninety nine said with a smile.

"What?" The Chief demanded quickly. "Gather every available agent. Tell them that we have a possible assassination attempt against a member of my family."

"I'm on it Chief," ninety nine said quickly.

"God let us get there in time," the Chief said as he ran out of his office. It took the gathered agents fifteen minutes to gather and get to the park and they arrived just in time to see one of the roller coasters derail. "God no," the Chief screamed as he watched it plummet to the ground.

The agents watched in growing horror as their hastily cast charms did nothing and they followed their leader as he ran towards the wreck to search for survivors.

"Grandpa," one of the young riders called out as the rescuers arrived.

"Holly," the Chief yelled as he pulled the little girl into his arms. "Thank god you're alright."

"I was so scared," the little girl said as she buried her face in his jacket.

"Do what you can for the survivors," the Chief ordered as he comforted his grand daughter.

"They all seem to be fine Chief," ninety nine said in shock as they surveyed the damage.

"There aren't any injuries among the riders," ninety nine repeated herself. "Only casualties was someone that was standing under this thing when it fell."

"I . . . I suppose it could be worse," the Chief said. "One death is nothing when you think about what could have happened."

"He had several tools on him that were of great interest to one of our techs," ninety nine said slowly. "It's too soon to make any determinations but it seems likely that he may have been behind the accident."

"Thank you ninety nine," the Chief said. "Mr. Black, smiting the wicked and saving the innocent. I've heard the stories but you really

can't understand just how good he is until you see it for yourself can you?"

"No Chief," ninety nine agreed. "You can't."

|||||||

Harry was forced to pull to the side of the road when his pocket began buzzing. "Yes?" He asked his zippo.

"It's me," Henggirl's voice called out. "Just learned of a small dueling tournament near your position that I thought you might be interested in attending."

"Where?"

"Lake Tahoe," Henggirl replied. "East of you."

"Thanks Henggirl," Harry said with a smile. "I think I'll check it out."

"You're welcome," Henggirl replied happily. "Have fun."

"I will," Harry promised. "Black out."

"Henggirl out."

|||||||

"The mayo is bad," Max said to himself. "What could that mean?"

"I don't think it's something you'll have to worry yourself over Mr. Smart." The voice caused Max to freeze, "I suggest that you put your hands up. Unless of course you'd like to die now rather than later."

"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow," Max said as he raised his hands. "How'd you know it was me?"

"Who else uses a shoe phone?" The man said with a grin. "Walk down the hall slowly and enter the first door. Our leader would like a word with you."

"You leave me no choice but to do what you've ordered," Max said with a sigh as he complied.

"Hello Mr. Smart," the leader said evilly as Max entered the room. "I'm glad you decided to stop by."

"How could I refuse?" Max quipped.

"True," the leader agreed. "Tell us what you know and . . ."

"You'll let me live?"

"For a bit longer then you would otherwise," the leader said calmly.

"Let me counter with an offer of my own," Max said. "Surrender and I'll make sure that you never see the light of day again."

"Why would I do that?"

"Because as we speak, one hundred men are ready to descend on this place." Max said with a grin.

"I don't think so Mr. Smart," the shadowy man replied with a smile.

"Would you believe fifty men?"

"No"

"How about two girl scouts and a llama?"

"Put him in his cell," the shadowy man commanded. "Kill him at dawn."

"You're making a big mistake," Max called out over his shoulder as the guards took him away. And they were, Max mused. Imagine their surprise when one hundred men showed up on their doorstep . . . an hour after dawn. Well, you can't have anything I guess. Max sighed, it wasn't like he wanted to live forever.

IIIIIIII

"Are you sure I'm up to this Professor?" Lavender asked nervously, "I'm still just a student."

"And one of the best natural duelers I've ever had the pleasure to know," Professor Hamilton said with a smile. "Just do your best."

"I will," Lavender agreed nervously. Taking one last breath, Lavender stepped into the ring and forced herself to smile confidently. "Who's first."

"Me," a woman replied. "You sure you're up to this kid?"

"I . . . I should be asking you that," Lavender replied confidently.

"Let's go then," the woman said with a smile. The two combatants took their place and Lavender cast her first spell. "What's that supposed to ah ohhhehhhhah . . . where did you learn that charm?" The suddenly red woman demanded.

"Useful Spells for the Young Witch," Lavender replied. "It's in the back."

"I'm going to have to get that book," the woman replied. "It'd be a good spell to know, but it won't win you this duel."

"No it won't," Lavender agreed. "The spell that will win the duel is the one I cast while you were distracted."

"Wha . . .?" The woman's eyes crossed and she passed out.

"Looks like you win," the referee announced. "What did you do?"

"I used a healing charm," Lavender replied. "It allowed me to cut off the supply of blood to the brain for a few seconds. It's hard to cast on an unwilling subject so I used the first charm to distract her."

"Good job," the referee said with a nod. "You up for another match?"

"Yeah," Lavender agreed. "Who's next."

"One of the spectators," the referee replied. "You sure about this? He doesn't look like he'll go down as fast as your first opponent."

"Yeah," Lavender said firmly. "Send him up."

"Hello Lavender," the man said with a smile. "How is Parvati doing?"

"Fine," Lavender replied quickly. "How do you know about her?"

"You'd be surprised at the things I know," the man said with a grin. "But that, I suspect is a conversation for another day. Why don't we get started?"

"Let's," Lavender agreed. Lavender growled as the strange man swayed out of the way of her first several spells. "Stop dodging and fight back," she demanded.

"As you wish," the man agreed, flicking his wand.

"What did ouch," Lavender dropped her wand after it became too hot to hold. "What'd you do?"

"Cooking charm," the man replied. "Do you yield or would you like to continue?"

"I give up," Lavender said in a whisper. "You win."

"You did a good job," the man tried to reassure his opponent. "Only advice I can give you is to stay calm, you got a bit agitated and your control slipped a bit during the match."

"Thanks," Lavender said with false cheer.

"No problem," the man replied. "Have a good day."

Lavender's shoulders slumped as she stepped out of the ring. "I'm sorry Professor," Lavender said, "I wasn't good enough."

"Why are you sorry?" Professor Hamilton asked with a frown, "you were wonderful . . . he even said so."

"But I wasn't good enough to beat him," Lavender protested. "Maybe I wasn't ready for this after all."

"You do know who that was don't you?" Hamilton asked with a smile.

"Who?"

"Mr. Black," Hamilton replied with a smile. "He even dropped off an invitation for you to go to his island, I'm very proud of you Lavender."

"Mr. Black?" Lavender screamed in shock. "I dueled Mr. Black?"

"Yes you did," Hamilton agreed. "There's no shame in loosing to the best, so Mr. Black beat you, who else can claim that?"

"Harry Potter," Lavender muttered.

"So you've lost against 'The Boy Who Lived' and Mr. Black," Hamilton said with a laugh. "Definitely nothing to be ashamed of."

"You're right," Lavender agreed. "I just have to practice more, then I'm going to have another duel with Harry Potter and this time I'll beat him."

"Good for you," Hamilton cheered. "What about Mr. Black?"

"Next time I duel Mr. Black," Lavender began. "He's going to need more then a cooking charm to beat me."

AN: Been working on a few other projects and haven't felt much urge to write so things are going slower then usual. On the plus side and with a bit of luck, I should have a bunch of new things posted soon.

by luinlothana

On the Black Island

The portkey they got allowed Lavender Brown and Professor Hamilton to reach Black Island. After spending a few moments in awe Lavender took a chance to look around. Granted, it wouldn't be wise to wonder off in a place like this but a quick look here and there wouldn't hurt. Especially since nobody seemed to mind. Ten minutes later she decided that it would be impolite to go somewhere the host didn't allow her to go (not to mention that no matter how nice he was so far he could consider this intruding his privacy and THAT wouldn't be healthy) so she started talking to people instead. That is how half an hour later Professor Hamilton found her.

"Here you are, Lavender. I was looking for you. How do you like it here so far? Amazing, isn't it?"

"Yes, the place is amazing. Though some customs here are a bit strange."

"What do you mean strange?" Hamilton looked as if he was just faced with person who criticized everybody short and materialistic in the middle of goblin bank.

"Just some customs you see. . ." Lavender said as if trying to make an excuse "You see, professor, I talked to people a bit. . ."

"I do hope you were on your best behavior."

"Of course. But they asked me how a girl like me got invitation here. So I told them I was dueling Mr. Black and he gave it to me because he liked the way I fight. . . And then they extended hands to congratulate me . . . But professor, why exactly people here instead of shaking hands check if you have pulse?"

Disclaimer: Never, but never eat spoiled food . . . well, unless it's supposed to be spoiled.

Ragnarök

"Very interesting," Professor Windahl said in delight. "And very old, I've never seen something like this in such good shape. If it's a reproduction then I'd give almost anything to meet the artist that made it."

"So you'll look it over?" The girl asked eagerly. She was interested to find out what the man would say about the axe that belonged to the strange man in black.

"It'll be a pleasure," he agreed.

"Well?" She asked after he'd had a few minutes to look over it.

"It appears to have some writing scratched into it," the man leaned closer to look. "Very old dialect too."

"Can you understand it?"

"Looks like a name," Professor Windahl said. "Sutr I think."

"But I thought he was supposed to use a flaming sword?" One of the graduate students asked.

"True," Professor Windahl agreed. "Originally owned by Freyr traded away so that he could marry the giantess Geror."

"Does it say anything else?" The woman asked.

"A few more things that I can't make out," Bjorn agreed. "Who did you say you got this from?"

"A man stopped by the other day and dropped it off," she explained. "I have his card right here . . . Mr. Black. Strange, no first name."

"Did you say Mr. Black?" Professor Windahl's face lost all color and he looked like he was ready to collapse.

"Yes," the girl agreed. "Is something wrong?"

"No," Windahl said quickly. "But a lot of things suddenly make sense."

"What do you mean?"

"Could have originally been a axe," Windahl muttered. "Only changed to a sword later . . . or perhaps, well . . . nothing says that he could only have one weapon."

"What are you talking about Professor?" The girl asked, "it's almost like you think these myths were true."

"Nothing important," Bjorn managed to force out. "If you'll excuse me, it would probably be best if I were to return this to it's owner."

"You know him then?"

"I know of him," he agreed. "And think it best that I return it personally."

"Oh," the girl said slowly.

"If you'll excuse me," the man began gathering his things. "I must be going."

"Goodbye then," the confused girl replied.

As he walked away, Professor Windahl began muttering to himself. "Surtr or Surtur as they call him at home. One of the first living being, leader of the fire giants, guard of Muspell, and the one that will burn the world at the end of Ragnarök." He giggled shrilly. "The being that will bring an end to this world, if he exists then what else may be true. I never thought one of my stories would come true."

IIIIIIII

"Status report," the evil leader demanded.

"We've discovered the group of missing assassins that we sent to Black's island," one of the men began. "They're working for the other side."

"They joined Black?" The leader asked in shock.

"No," the man said as he glanced down at his notes. "Black was killing them and they were rescued by Henchgirl . . . oh god."

"What is it?"

"I just got to the part that said how he was killing them," the man replied. "I don't think we should try to kill Mr. Black's friends anymore."

"Let me see that." The leader snatched the report. "No . . . no I don't think it would be a good idea to go after Black's friends. You, what's the status of your operation?"

"Complete failure," the second man replied. "Only casualty was one of our men."

"How in the hell did that happen?"

"Mr. Black," the second man said simply.

"Oh," the leader growled. "You, minion."

"Yes sir?" Minion number one replied happily.

"Go make us something to eat," the leader screamed. "Now, or I'll have you flogged."

"Yes sir," the minion agreed.

"Don't take your anger out on the help," one of the other men said. "It lacks class."

Minion number one wasn't the brightest minion in the world, that's why he had been assigned to make snacks for the meeting . . . it was a mistake that no one would live to regret.

A few minutes of rummaging around the kitchen revealed to the minion that his task wouldn't be as easy as he had first thought. He went to the cupboard and the cupboard was bare. He went to the refrigerator and found only a pack of lunch meat. After several minutes of searching, he gathered all the items he'd found on the counter.

"Let's see," the minion said to himself. "What should I make . . . I have some Mayonnaise, some bread and some meat . . . sandwiches. Only . . . is mayonnaise supposed to be green? Or smell like that? Well a couple of color and odor changing charms will soon fix that."

IIIIIIII

"Are you there Mr. Black?" Henghgirl's voice called through the zippo.

"I'm here," Harry replied. "What can I do for you Henghgirl?"

"You were right," Henghgirl said. "That shopkeeper in Portland tried to pawn off a lot of quests on you. We've given most of them to the students."

"But?"

"But one of the smaller things is near you," Henghgirl said. "It's an old piece of paper with some writing on it and a map."

"What do you want me to do?" Harry sighed.

"Just pop down there and see what's there," Henghgirl said quickly. "Nothing else."

"Alright," Harry agreed.

"Thank you," Henghgirl squealed. "I'm sending through a portkey and the paper."

"Got it," Harry said.

"Just say superstition to activate it," Henchgirl said.

IIIIIIIIII

"Here you go." The minion slid a plate into Max's cell. "Enjoy the meal . . . it'll be your last."

"Thanks," Max replied. The secret agent picked up the sandwich and brought it to his lips and froze. Max lifted up the bread and glanced at the inside. "Well . . . I guess it couldn't hurt to go hungry, and it might hurt to eat this." Max spent a very long night waiting until dawn and an even longer hour waiting for his rescuers to arrive.

"Max," ninety nine called out as she ran into the room. "Thank god we got here in time."

"An hour late actually," Max replied. "But since they're more than an hour late, I think I can forgive your tardiness."

"What do you mean?"

"I was scheduled to be put to death at dawn," Max replied. "Take me to their leader. I'd like to have a chance to do a bit of gloating."

"I don't think you'll get a chance to do that" ninety nine said. "Mr. Black got to them before we could. Guess he wasn't too happy about what they tried to do to the Chief's granddaughter."

"What happened?" Max demanded.

"They tried to arrange an accident involving her and a bunch of other children," ninety nine replied. "Mr. Black poisoned their food, they all died expelling liquid from both ends except the leader."

"What happened to him?"

"Evidence suggests that he slipped down some of the . . . the liquid and fell down a flight of stairs," ninety nine replied.

"Sounds like a quick way to go."

"Then he climbed back up the stairs and slipped down again . . . five times."

"Oh, persistent fella wasn't he?"

"He finally ended up drowning in a rather . . . full toilet." Ninety nine said with more than a hint of distaste.

"I guess Mr. Black thinks of almost everything," Max said.

"Almost?"

"I just wish he could have taken the time to unlock the door to my cell," Max finished with a smile. "It's the only thing that would have made this operation perfect."

Ninety nine walked up and gave the door a nudge and smirked when it swung open. "You were saying?"

IIIIIIII

"I need to see Mr. Olsen," Professor Windahl said to the guard in front of the Icelandic Consulate.

"May I see some identification sir?" The guard asked calmly.

"Here," he pulled out his passport and handed it to the guard. "Tell him it's about Mr. Black."

"Do you have an appointment?"

"Just tell him it's about Mr. Black," Bjorn snapped. "Or tell his secretary, but tell someone."

"I'll radio that you're here," the guard agreed. "But be aware that without an appointment . . ."

"Tell them that it's about Mr. Black and I won't need an appointment."

"I'll tell them," the guard sighed. Why did he always get the crazy ones.

Bjorn waited for a few minutes until the guard returned, "well?"

"They're expecting you," the guard motioned him in.

"Thank you," Bjorn said as he rushed past the man. He was met by a strange man when he entered the Consulate.

"Good afternoon Doctor Windahl," the man said calmly. "My name is Johan and I understand that you have some information about Mr. Black."

"Yes," Bjorn agreed. "But who are you?"

"I'm in charge of . . . special security," the man replied. "Now about Mr. Black?"

"I think he's Surtur," Bjorn said quickly. "I was at the Scandinavian Heritage Museum in Seattle when the staff showed me something interesting that had been left by one of their visitors."

"I presume that this visitor was Mr. Black?"

"Yes," Bjorn agreed.

"What did he leave and why does this make you think he's Surtur?"

"This." Bjorn opened his briefcase and pulled out the old axe.

"Something to do with the writing?" Johan guessed.

"Yes," Bjorn agreed. "Something to do with the writing."

"Anything else?"

"The name Surtur means Swart . . . Black," Bjorn explained. "Are you aware of the myths surrounding him?"

"Many of them," Johan said calmly. "Do you want us to arrange for him to get his axe back?"

"I'd like you to arrange for me to return it if possible," Bjorn replied quickly. "I said I would and . . . well, it doesn't seem like a good idea to break your word when it comes to anything involving Mr. Black."

"I'll see what I can do," Johan replied. "In the mean time, have a seat and write up any information that comes to you about Mr. Black."

IIIIIIII

Harry squinted at the old yellow piece of paper. "Mai minee is unda der needle? What the hell is that supposed to. . ." Harry stopped talking as he noticed an old dilapidated gold mine appear in front of him, "oh." Harry sighed. "Henchgirl," he called into his zippo.

"Yes?" Henchgirl replied quickly, "what did you find?"

"Gold mine," Harry said with a sigh. "I know an old miner in Colorado, contact him and get him in touch with the architect."

"You wanna see about doing more with it then?" Henchgirl said, "you sure it's worth it?"

"All else fails it could be useful because of the charms on the place," Harry replied. "Sides, you don't hide a place like this unless you think it has something worth hiding."

"Guess you're right," Henchgirl agreed. "So what are you planning to do now?"

"Time for Mr. Black to disappear and Harry Potter to pop up again," Harry replied. "Less I wanna put school off."

"I'll send a portkey," Henchgirl offered.

"Thanks."

IIIIIIII

"Chief," ninety nine said hesitantly.

"What is it ninety nine?" The Chief replied.

"I know you're still worried about what almost happened." Ninety nine bit her lip. "But some new information has come to light regarding Mr. Black."

"Let's have it."

"Some of the Scandinavian countries are saying that he's the personification of one of their old myths," ninety nine began. "The the giant that will destroy the world with his flaming sword."

"Fits," the Chief said with a weak grin. "Do you know what I've been doing?"

"Thanking the gods that Mr. Black was around to save Holly?"

"That and doing a bit of research," the Chief agreed. "I've been reading through every bit of information we have on Mr. Black in hopes of finding out what makes him tick."

"And?"

"And he's like me," the Chief explained. "I don't want to think about what I would have done to those bastards if Black hadn't gotten to them first. And I can't think about what I would have done if Black hadn't been able to save her."

"Chief . . ."

"We know a few things about Mr. Black," the Chief continued. "He's very old, he's very dangerous, he's probably the inspiration for death

and this norse god of destruction, and he gets angry when children are harmed or endangered."

"Germany," ninety nine said with a nod. "We saw what happened when he lost his temper."

"Still don't know how many people he killed," the Chief agreed. "We also know a little bit about Atlantis because of his comments. And the current speculation is that they were . . . less then accommodating to Squibs and muggles . . . hell, Merlin himself was exiled because he didn't have sufficient magical strength."

"So what did you learn?" Ninety nine prompted.

"It's just a theory," the Chief cautioned. "But I think the government of Atlantis killed the wrong person. Maybe she was Mr. Black's daughter or grandchild . . . hell, maybe she was just a person off the street and he saw her murder. Whatever she was to him, her death made him angry . . . very angry. So angry that his vengeance is the basis for half the end of the world myths, that he himself is considered the herald of the apocalypse."

"Do you want me to tell the others?"

"Just give them a summery of my preliminary findings," the Chief ordered. "I'll have a paper written up later."

"Yes Chief."

IIIIIIII

Bjorn nearly wet himself when the portkey dropped him in a strange empty room. He was in the Headquarters of Black Ink, one of the most well known and at the same time mysterious organizations in existence.

"Is . . . is someone there?" He called out.

"Henchgirl here," Henchgirl replied. "Who are you?"

"Professor Bjorn Windahl I'm here to return Mr. Sutr's axe," the man said nervously.

"Sutr?" Henggirl said with a frown.

"I believe he's going by the name of Black at the moment," the man said quickly. "I'm sorry for the mix up."

"Perfectly alright," Henggirl assured the man. "You'd be surprised at how often that happens."

AN: Well, I admit it. I read about a figure in Norse myth that had a name that translated to black and was involved in the end of all. Then I forgot who it was and didn't take notes so I ignored it for a while till it was mentioned again. Then I found what I was looking for and saw that I had given Harry the wrong weapon. And that dear readers is why it's a good idea to take notes.

Disclaimer: Always read something before you sign it.

Go Aggies

Harry arrived on campus in front of the register. "Yes?" The woman asked, "when did you get here?"

"Just arrived," Harry said. "I'm Harry Potter . . . I should be signed up to start classes?"

"At this time of year?" The woman said oddly. "I'll look." The woman played with her computer for several seconds before a look of comprehension appeared on her face. "Ah, you should have said you were an exchange student."

"Sorry."

"I should be the one apologizing," the woman said with a laugh. "I didn't hear an accent so I assumed . . . how long have you been in Texas?"

"Not long," Harry replied. "But I've always been good with languages."

"Yes I see that," the woman said with a glance at her computer. "Would you like me to make you a printout of your schedule?"

"Please," Harry agreed. "Uh . . ."

"Out the front door and take a left," the woman said. "Just follow the path till you see the sign that says HEM."

"Thanks," Harry replied. Harry walked out of the building until he saw a large sign with glowing letters. "Lots of magic in this place," Harry muttered to himself. "Well . . . no point in wasting time." Taking a deep breath to steady his nerves, Harry walked into the building and was immediately met by a woman at a desk.

"May I help you?"

"Uh . . . I think so," Harry replied. "I have this print out . . ."

"Let me see that," the woman demanded. "This all looks to be in order. I just need your signature here and for you to fill out this medical questionnaire before we get started."

"Ok," Harry agreed slowly. This wasn't what he expected but then again he didn't have anything to compare this situation with.

"Finished?" The woman asked impatiently.

"Almost," Harry said quickly. "Here."

"Go through the door behind me," the woman said. "The Doctor is waiting."

"She is?"

"The Doctor is a man," the woman said rudely. "And he's too important to be kept waiting."

"Right," Harry agreed. Harry walked up to the door and peeked inside.

"Ah Mr. Potter, come in." A man inside said loudly, "I'm Doctor Schlock."

"Harry Potter," Harry muttered in reply. "This doesn't look like an Archeology class."

"That's because it's not," the man replied with a grin. "It's the High Energy Magic building, where we find out things man was not ment to know."

"I have a friend that you might want to meet," Harry said with a grin. "The Professor? Hangs out with Henchgirl."

"Two of the finest minds in the field," Doctor Schlock agreed. "Inspirations to us all, now if you'll just sit in this chair."

"Ok," Harry agreed. "Why are you strapping me down."

"Hmmm, oh don't worry about the restraints. They're just there to prevent you from escaping," Schlock said absently, "you did provide the secretary with a copy of your medical records did you not."

"I filled out a survey of some sort," Harry agreed nervously.

"Good, then we're all set."

"What are we doing?" Harry demanded.

"You want to become an Archaeologist yes?"

"Yes," Harry agreed.

"And you'd like to get through your schooling as quickly as possible yes?"

"Yes"

"Then this invention is the thing for you," the odd man enthused. "With it you can learn an entire subject in just a few minutes."

"That sounds nice," Harry allowed. "What's the draw back."

"Just a small headache," Schlock replied a bit too quickly.

"That's all?"

"I think I figured out a way to stop your brain from oozing out your nose," Schlock said in a rush. "Now let's get started."

"I why don't you just let me go," Harry suggested.

"Go?" Doctor Schlock said. "Alright."

"Wait," Harry screamed . . . but it was too late. Harry felt like his body was being used as a relay in a power station. The pain was incredible, mercifully it did not last long.

"So . . . did it take?"

After a few moments Harry managed to reply. "I know kung fu," he groaned.

"Really?" Doctor Schlock asked with a frown, "I thought we got rid of that program . . . you're not feeling the urge to become a janitor are you?"

"No," Harry managed to reply.

"Good," Doctor Schlock said enthusiastically. "And since at first I don't succeed and all that rot."

"Arrg," Harry's body arched as the machine gave him another jolt of knowledge.

Harry didn't know how long he was in the chair or how much information had been forcibly downloaded into his brain.

"Well, that's the last of them." Schlock said happily. "I'll have the university mail your degrees."

Harry chose not to reply, deciding instead to focus all his energy on stumbling out the door. Once he had escaped from the mad scientist, he pulled out his Zippo and called for help. "Henchgirl," he whispered.

"Yes?" Henchgirl's voice replied.

"Help," Harry managed to groan before everything went dark. The last thing he remembered was Henchgirl frantically calling for an emergency extraction.

IIIIIIII

Henchgirl forced herself to smile as she walked into Black the INK hospital and medical research center.

"What can I do for you Henchgirl?" The Doctor asked without looking up.

"Hello Doctor," Henghgirl said innocently. "I need to borrow some horrid disease . . . tell me about leprosy."

"Third shelf on the . . . why do you want to borrow a horrid disease?" The Doctor asked suspiciously, "does this have something to do with the fact that Mr. Black's brain turned green?"

"Maybe," Henghgirl admitted.

"What'd you do?" The Doctor asked wearily.

"Nothing," Henghgirl said sadly. "That's why I need the disease . . . something that causes disfigurement and horrific pain."

"Explain," the Doctor ordered.

"Well," Henghgirl began. "Some unscrupulous wannabe scientist decided to use an unsafe device on Mr. Black and I want to make it clear by example that this is not acceptable behavior."

"Except when you do it," the Doctor muttered.

"What was that?" Henghgirl asked, "I didn't quite catch that."

"I was wondering why Mr. Black didn't just kill the idiot himself," the Doctor replied.

"No reason," Henghgirl said with a devious smile. "No reason at all . . . now about that horrifically painful virus?"

"Not until you tell me what this is all about," the Doctor said with a smirk. "Every little detail."

"I can't," Henghgirl said with a shrug. "Sorry."

"Does this have something to do with Mr. Black's real identity?" The Doctor prompted.

"As death?" Henghgirl said nervously. "I suppose I could use the Plague if you want . . . great idea," Henghgirl giggled nervously . . . for fifteen minutes.

"No as Harry Potter," the Doctor replied.

"How'd you know?" Henghgirl demanded.

"Two things," the Doctor began. "I'm a Doctor, more specifically I'm his Doctor."

"Ok," Henghgirl agreed. "What's the second reason?"

"My nurse talked"

"Nurse?" Henghgirl's eyes crossed.

"The House Elf," the Doctor explained. "She couldn't stop talking about how great Harry Potter sir, I've explained things to her and she'll stay quiet. Now about this revenge you wanted to get, I think I have just the thing . . ."

The two girls worked late into the night working up the perfect potion. The Doctor contributed her knowledge of the human body and Henghgirl used her amazing skills . . . pity the poor fool that got in their way.

"I've been meaning to ask you," the Doctor said as they finished. "How are you going to get him to drink it?"

"I've got a cunning plan," Henghgirl replied. "It's a masterpiece of subtlety and cunning, bwa bwaha bwahahahahahaha."

The Doctor sighed, it was so tedious working around people that would descend into maniacal laughter without warning . . . on the plus side, it did allow her the opportunity to sneak out of the room.

IIIIIIII

"You," Henghgirl called out to an odd looking man.

"Me?" The man replied.

"Is your name Doctor Schlock?" HENCHGIRL growled.

"Yes?"

"Drink this," HENCHGIRL commanded as she thrust a vial of vile potion into the man's hand.

"Ok," Doctor Schlock agreed reasoning that it might encourage the pretty girl to talk to him longer.

Inwardly, HENCHGIRL began to cackle evilly . . . the goose potion should be kicking in right about . . . now.

"Excuse me," Doctor Schlock screamed. "But I must be getting to a bathroom."

"I'm afraid I spelled all the bathroom doors shut," HENCHGIRL said with a smile. "And charmed your pants to stay up when you weren't looking. I'd say have a nice day but you won't . . . or a nice month . . . or year . . . it might wear off after a decade though so I guess you have something to look forward to."

"Arrrrg," the Dr. Schlock's pained scream echoed through the halls.

"Hee hee hee," HENCHGIRL giggled. The Potion she'd mixed was doing its job and it'd take months for a skilled potions master to find a cure, months for the Doctor's little surprise to do its work. HENCHGIRL giggled again, they always looked at the contents of the bottle and never thought to check what was on the outside.

AN: A little shorter then usual but it seemed like a good stopping point. Posted some notes by mistake earlier.

Omake by Celebwen Telcontar

Morvala gently patted his light rose-dun stallion's haunches, smiling as Rokkofirn swung his head over to him. The stallion snorted and nuzzled Morvala, gently blowing into the Atlantian Mage's hair.

"Grandpapa!" Moriel, Morvala's granddaughter, cried. Rokkofirn whinnied loudly, and Annatar, Gorgoroth, and Makaar cried out in response. Annatar, a pure white stallion, broke from his stall, and stared Moriel down.

"Annatar! Back, back boy! Go on!" Morvala snapped. The white horse backed back into his stall, snorting and pawing the ground. Then, a fire chestnut head was thrust out followed by a pitch black one as Makaar and Gorgoroth wanted some attention too. "Moriel, why don't you go back and get Emrys. I need him to groom the other three." The Mage slipped the thin bridle over Rokkofirn's head, and led the pale stallion out into the sunlit street as Moriel ran off to get the servant.

Emrys was there in a few minutes, holding a grooming brush and leading Makaar out of the stables to hitch the red horse to the outdoor cross-ties in order to groom the finicky warhorse.

"Morvala, Sir," Emrys asked.

"Yes, Emrys? I need to go and get some work done, boy, so be quick!"

"Listen, My Lord, the Senators wanted to drive me out!"

"Well, we knew that it was going to happen sooner or later, Emrys. You are the lowest ranking Atlantian by magic level, and so naturally they'd want you to leave. Take the grey, and leave quickly. I can't have my servant strung up, now can I? Go to the mainland." Morvala set the light saddle on his pale mount, and pulled his black hood up over his face.

"Here, My Lord," Emrys said, handing the very imposing figure his scythe. Morvala then swung into the saddle and gave Rokkofirn a light kick. The pale horse then cantered off.

“Good luck, Myrddin,” Moriel whispered to her longtime friend. Myrddin Emrys nodded to her, walked back into the stable and took Shade, his grey gelding, out before leading Makaar back into his stall. Then, the horse whisperer leapt onto the horse, and rode off. “Good luck indeed, old friend.”

“Well well, what have we here?” a voice asked. Moriel turned around to see one of the Senators behind her. “Moriel Istar, all alone. Not even her dear lover to protect her.”

“Leave my granddaughter alone,” a voice hissed. Rokkofirn leapt the fence, Morvala clinging to the pale horse.

“Why should I?” the senator snapped. He lifted his blade, and plunged it into Moriel’s side. The girl gave a huff as her breath left her in a rush. The senator removed his blade, and blood gushed from the wound.

“I am death incarnate!” Morvala screamed, lifting his scythe as Rokkofirn rushed forward. In the flight, the horse seemed gangly and sick, the ribs seeming to show beneath the seemingly dull coat. The fine head became a skull covered in taught skin, and the legs became nothing but bones and a drum-tight hide. Morvala’s face seemed to become nothing less than a human skull, and the passersby on the street saw that Morvala’s statement was true. He was Death Incarnate.

As the scythe met the senator’s neck, his head was severed. Then, Morvala leapt from his pale horse, and held his dying granddaughter in his arms. “No, no! Moriel, my darling granddaughter,” Morvala whispered. But it was too late. Moriel was dead.

Morvala let a scream of loss rip from his throat. Then, he released Moriel, and launched himself on his stallion, releasing the other three Horses in a burst of Mage-energy. The three horses, Annatar, the gleaming white stallion, Makaar, the blood-red warhorse, and Gorgoroth, the black stallion that looked almost leprous, followed the grief-maddened Atlantian. “You will all pay,” Morvala hissed in anger. “You will never leave this land, and will all drown and go to cold, watery graves. All will die. Anyone who kills a child shall now know

my vengeance!" As the four horses and the Mage left, three people, a warrior, a leper, and a crazy temple leader who thought he was the son of some Atlantian god or other, leapt onto the red, black, and white horses and left.

Thus began the myth of the Four Horses of the Apocalypse.

Three hundred years later, Morvala took his own life. Two thousand years later, a boy named Harry Potter was born. His soul was a new one, but behind it, he had a second soul. Morvala, Death Incarnate, the Rider of the Pale Horse, had been reborn. The world would never be the same, and all would know that their Apocalyptic Legends and Myths would soon come to pass. For now the Herald of Death was back, and Death would now bow out to allow Morvala to take its place once again. The Earth let forth a light shudder of fear and awaited the day that Morvala would come into his own, and take the name Mr. Black.

Disclaimer: Without an ending, there can't be any beginning.

Harry is an Idiot

"It's time to go Lavender," Hamilton said to his protege.

"Yes Professor," Lavender agreed.

"Before you do," Percy entered the conversation. "I've been instructed to give you a gift from Mr. Black himself."

"Really?" Hamilton asked with a pleased smile. "What is it?"

"A book of spells," Percy answered as Lavender tore open the package.

"Common Cosmetic Charms from Around the World," Lavender read.

"I'm told it also has several other more . . ." Percy paused to find the correct term. "Of the type normally thought to be used by Mr. Black."

"Thanks Percy," Lavender said.

"It's Pencil," Percy said primly.

"What are you doing around here?"

"Paperwork and research into the history of Mr. Black," Percy said quickly. "Did you know that the Soviet Union went through several leaders in rapid succession before they got the one that allowed Communism to fall?"

"Really?" Lavender asked in shock. "What happened."

"They all died," Percy said with a smirk. "Of natural causes."

"Quite fascinating," Hamilton interrupted. "But we really have to go now Lavender, you two can continue this later."

"Ok," Lavender agreed. "Goodbye Per . . . Pencil."

"Goodbye Ms. Brown," Percy replied. "Know that you are welcome to return at any time." With that, Lavender took hold of the Portkey and traveled back to Hogwarts.

|||||||

"How much longer do I have to rest in bed?" Harry asked.

"The Doctor wants you there for another few days," Henghgirl replied with a smile. "And you're going to listen to her, aren't you?"

"Can't," Harry replied. "I have to get back on my feet and on the job. Can't abandon the world can I?"

"You don't have to do anything," Henghgirl said quickly. "In fact, doing nothing might be the best thing you could do."

"But what would happen if Mr. Black were to disappear?" Harry protested, "I have a responsibility to . . ."

"Shut up," Henghgirl growled. "I didn't want to believe it, but you really are an idiot."

"Wha?"

"I talked to Hermione about you." Henghgirl ignored Harry's expression. "She said that her friend Harry had one major flaw . . . can you guess what it is?"

"A saving people thing?" Harry ventured.

"No," Henghgirl replied. "But close. She said that you liked to feel responsible for everything, Harry to the rescue, it's all my fault Voldemort came back, etc. I didn't believe her, I knew my friend, the man I'd met in Paris wasn't like that. But look what happened, you find out about the mysterious Mr. Black and decide that you have to become him."

"But I do," Harry said slowly. "Like I said, what would happen if Mr. Black disappeared?"

"You have no idea do you?" Henghgirl asked in shock. "Let me tell you about something that happened yesterday. A policeman was walking up a flight of stairs in his station when he slipped and fell down them, breaking a leg."

"What's this . . ."

"I'm not finished," Henghgirl said sternly. "He landed in front of several paramedics and was taken to the hospital. His wife heard about this and packed up the children to go meet him. Only minutes after they left, the house fell into a sink hole. They tell me that one of the walls collapsed onto the baby's crib. At the hospital, a routine test determined that the policeman had a tumor that was removed in the nick of time. An investigation was launched and they determined that this was all the work of Mr. Black. Mr. Black noticed the Policeman's tumor and he noticed the sink hole that was going to swallow the house and he arranged an accident to fix everything."

"Why didn't Mr. Black just say something?" Harry asked.

"The Policeman was injured on the job," Henghgirl explained. "Which makes life a bit easier for him. Not to mention the fact that his wife was not happy to learn that he'd been putting off his physical. I know about this because she sent a polite thank you note asking you to break both legs next time. It came with his thank you note saying that if his wife had found out then she would have broken both of his legs, it added that as things were she was letting him off."

"Oh"

"It happened in a place that you've never been near," Henghgirl began. "And as far as I can tell it was all a complete accident. You don't have to be Mr. Black, you don't have to take responsibility, just relax and let things occur naturally."

"So I should stop being Mr. Black?"

"You should relax," Henchgirl corrected. "OK?"

"OK," Harry agreed.

"Now that, that is settled." Henchgirl began. "I need you to do something for me."

"What is it?"

"A favor for a friend," Henchgirl replied.

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"So what was it like?" Parvati asked eagerly.

"It was amazing," Lavender replied. "Like the best spa in the world combined with school."

"School?"

"An interesting school," Lavender corrected herself. "Like if every class was like Professor Hamilton's."

"Oh . . . so are you going to go back?"

"I think so," Lavender said. "Mr. Black gave me an open invitation."

"Really?"

"He said I had a potential that would be a crime not to nourish," Lavender said proudly.

"That it would be," another voice agreed. The girls turned to see the diminutive charms professor. "I've talked to Professor Hamilton and we've agreed that it might do you good to learn a bit of competitive dueling from me."

"Really?"

"Really," Flitwick agreed. "And I believe that Minnie wanted to teach you a few things too."

"Professor McGonagall too?" Parvati asked in shock. "Minnie?"

"She keeps going between angry at herself for not seeing it first and pride that you're in her house," Flitwick said with a smile. "It's quite amusing."

"Professor McGonagall is proud of me?" Lavender said with a stunned look.

"She's proud of all her students," Flitwick corrected. "But you've given her something to brag about."

"She brags about me?" Lavender's mind fought to reconcile the information she'd just received with her image of the stern woman.

"Constantly," Flitwick confirmed. "Are Tuesdays after class good for you Ms. Brown?"

"Yes Professor," Lavender agreed.

"Then I will see you then," Flitwick said happily.

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"I told you I didn't have anything to do with it," Hermione snapped.

"Oh?" Tonks said. "I suppose that their hide out just exploded by accident."

"That's what the police said," Hermione agreed.

"By accident without causing any damage to the orphanage behind it?"

"Yup," Hermione said firmly.

"Or the daycare next to it, the school across the street, and the hospital on the other side?"

"That's what happened," Hermione confirmed. "Besides, you were with me the whole time. You know I didn't do it."

"I know you took a suspiciously long time to go to the bathroom," Tonks said suspiciously.

"Luna was with me," Hermione protested. "She wanted me to help fix up her hair."

"Uh huh."

"That's not important," Hermione said in an attempt to change the subject. "Remus, what did you want to tell us?"

"I think I've found Harry," Remus said proudly.

"What?" Hermione asked in shock. "Why didn't you tell us sooner?"

"I wanted to make sure," Remus replied. "It took a little detective work but I think he might be on Atlantis."

"Well let's go," Hermione demanded. "We have to get there before he leaves."

"Touch the coin and we'll be on our way," Remus replied. The group arrived in a small room and Hermione immediately grabbed the nearest person.

"Where is Harry Potter," she growled.

"Should be in his room at this time," the man shuddered. "Third door on the right."

"Thanks." Hermione dropped the man and stormed to the room, she was going to give him such a talking to. Hermione flung open the door and froze, suddenly uncertain now that she'd seen him. "H . . . Harry."

"Hey Hermione," Harry replied.

"How dare you 'hey Hermione' me?" Hermione hissed. "You left us."

"I'm sorry . . . I . . . I just needed some time to myself." Harry stammered. "After everything that happened, I couldn't stay there."

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"So how'd it go?" Henchgirl asked.

"It was good to see them again," Harry replied. "I'm going to have to do that again."

"I'm glad," Henchgirl said.

"Atlantis project seems to be going good," Harry said. "Giving it to the Flamels was a good idea.

"Sorry about that," Henchgirl said. "I know you wanted to do it yourself but . . ."

"Don't be sorry," Harry interrupted. "He's doing a good job."

"Good . . . so . . . the Professor and I have a project we'd like your help with."

"Oh?"

"Yep."

"What kind of project?" Harry prompted.

"It's a variation on the Port-Trans technology," Henchgirl replied. "It will let us . . ."

The End

AN: Well, that's the story. I have a few story lines brewing that might get written or might not, I don't know but I hope they do. While I wrote 'Make A Wish,' several things happened. A friend of mine killed himself, another tried, another died in a motorcycle accident, etc. Some of the scenes were written after that and I think you can tell. Hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it. In an unrelated note, check my profile for news on the HP Buffy crossover.

Another nice Omake by Celebwen Telcontar

The farmer helped his mare to foal her first baby, and took its forelegs to pull the foal in order to make it slip out of her. She struggled to her hooves to turn and lick her new baby dry. As she was about to groom the membrane off of the colt, the farmer realized that the foal was not of either the dam or sire's breed. The American feral horse, also known as the Mustang, is a compact and rugged horse, and the foal was a gangly creature, his skin stretched taught over the foal's bones. Its eyes were sunken, and the coat was very thin.

"What the?" farmer McGovern said. He touched the foal as the mare backed away from him. The colt was cold to the touch, and smelled something like a half-rotten corpse. He turned his head towards the frightened farmer, and blew at him, sounding somewhat like a goose's hiss. The mare shrank from her colt, and then broke for the open stall door as soon as she could, racing down the hallway and out into the paddock before she cowered against the side of the fence. Farmer McGovern stared at the monstrous foal before trying to pat it. He felt the cold, clammy corpse-like flesh of the colt, and the foal snorted and tried to bite him. The baby's teeth caught on his skin, and he yelled as it felt as if he had been bitten by an adder, or maybe a tarantula. He stared at the bite, which was covered in greenish goop. It was probably poisonous, McGovern thought, and went to the pump to rinse the bite out.

As McGovern went to see to his bite, he saw Darkness, the colt's half brother, a jet black colt foaled of a different mare, capering about. The colt seemed a bit more lively than usual, and, even at his young age of two days old, the colt was very strong. In fact, the colt looked almost like he had been born three weeks ago, then, as McGovern watched, the black colt became a feral black stallion. The doorway to

the barn was darkened as the former colt of Windswept and Firestorm, the pale colt that looked like death stepped out. As a stallion, the magically fast-grown horse whinnied loudly. Darkness, Mars, and Moonlight, three colts by Firestorm, came cantering over. Mars broke down the fence when he came over, and the other horses shrank from the four deadly stallions.

“Daniel?” Margaret, McGovern’s wife, called.

“Stay in the house!” McGovern screamed at her. “I have managed to breed the Four Horses of the Apocalypse, I think! Windswept dropped the Pale Horse this morning, and he’s a stallion now!” The farmer backed away from the four horses, and stood still as he saw a man in black come up to him.

The Pale horse leapt the fence gracefully and went to stand by the stranger. “Watch out!” McGovern screamed as the horse stood near him. The three others, the mounts of War, Famine and the Antichrist, broke through the fence to stand near their leader, the mount of Death. The strange man leapt onto the horse’s back, and the Pale Horse and Death rode away. In the wind of their passing, a business card fluttered to the dusty ground and now dead grasses. “Margaret, the man, he was Mr. Black.”

“Mr. Black? Well then, the horses belong to him, don’t they?”

“Yes. And this Henchgirl, and the Professor, and someone else. All of them are powerful enough, and are the true Heralds of Famine, War and the Antichrist. We have the apocalypse on our hands, Margaret. Let’s leave the place, go to Jamaica. We’ve always wanted to visit there.”

Harry Potter dismounted from the beautiful and skeletal pinkish horse that had appeared beside him. The horse nuzzled him, and he laughed and patted his nose.

:Harry Potter, Mr. Black, Morvala, I am Rokkofirn, the Pale Horse as some would call me. I have chosen you as my rider, and you will be known as Death throughout the world once again. Come, there is work ahead of us!: The Pale Horse had spoken to him. He grabbed

his scythe and mounted the horse before the mythical creature rushed away in a gale of foul stench and deathly cold. Mr. Black would now have a new title: the rider of the Pale Horse of the Biblical chapter of Revelations. Everywhere, Christians were panicking and praying in a marathon manner. The grocery stores were sold out of ingredients to make unleavened bread and wine. No one was anything less than purely panicked, and everyone knew that the End of the World was upon them.

So mote it be. Harry Potter, Mr. Black, Morvala, whatever you call him, the Pale Rider, Death Incarnate, was again upon the land. Weep ye all with me, for thy Earth shalt ne'er be again the same. So mote it be.

AN02: I need to work on writing endings.